PVBLII

OVIDII NASONIS

DE ARTE AMANDI:

OR,

The Art of Loue.

Lo 10. 533 *

PVBLII. OVIDII NASONIS DE ARTE AMANDI: OR, *The Art of Loue.*

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this multitude,
That in the art of Loue is dull and rude,
Me let him reade, and thſe my lines rehearſe,
He ſhall be made a Doctor by my verſe.
By art of ſailes and oares Seas are diuided,
By art the Chariot runnes: by art Loue's guided:
By art are bridles rein'd in, or let ſlip:
Typhis by art did guide the *Hemonian* ſhip.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts maſter made,
To teach her Science, and ſet up her trade:
And time ſucceeding ſhall call me alone,
Loue's expert *Tiphis* and *Antomedon.*
Loue in himſelf is apiſh and vntoward,
Yet being a child, Ile whip him when he's froward:
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
On the ſtringd Lute a ſweete diuiſion:

Art on his rude and sterne aspect did cease,
Instructing him in old *Philerides*:
He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes,
Made quake and tremble when he would disclose.
His furious rage was knowne to be a Sutor,
And with submission kneele vnto his Tutor:
Æneides by *Chiron* was instructed,
And by my art is loue himselfe conducted,
Both goddes sonnes, *Venus* and *Thetis* ioyes,
Both shrewd, both waggish, and vnhappy boyes:
Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yoake is worne,
The proud Steed chewes the bit which he doth scorn
And though Loues darts my owne heart cleaues asun-
Yet by my art the wag shall be kept vnder, (der,
And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
The more I will reuenge me of my wound;
Sacred *Apollo* witnesse of my flame,
Behold thy arts I do not falsly clame,
Of *Clios* sisters, loe I take no keepe,
That in the vale of *Asca* feede their sheepe.
Proud skie I teach of what I haue beene taster,
Loue bids me speake Ile be your skilfull master:
And what I speake is true thus I beg in
Be present at my labours loues faire Queene.

Keep hence you modest maids and come not neare,
That vse to blush and shamefast garments weare,
That haue scant ruffes & keepe your haire vnseene,
Whose feet with your white aprons couered beene
From *Vertas* virgins here no place is left,
My muse sings *Venus* spoiles and Loues sweet theft,
What kinde affections louers thoughts do pierse,
And there shall be no fault in this my verse;

FINIS.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE.

FIrſt thou that art a Freſhman and art bent,
To beare Loues armes and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to loue, the next thing thou muſt doe,
Learne how to ſpeake her faire, to pleade and woe:
Laſt hauing wonne thy Miſtris to thy lure,
Ile teach thee how to make that loue endure,
This is my aime, Ile keep within this ſpace
And in this road my Chariot wheele ſhall trace.
Whilſt thou liueſt free and art a Batcheler,
The loue of one aboue the reſt preferre:
To whom thy ſoule ſayes, you alone content me.
But ſuch a one ſhall not from heauen be ſent thee,
Such are not dropt downe from the azure skies,
But thou muſt ſeeke her out with buſie eyes:
Well knowes the Huntſman where his toyle to ſet,
And in what denne the Boare his teeth doth whet:
Well knowes the Fowler where to lay his gin,
The fiſher knowes what poole moſt fiſh are in,
And thou that ſtudieſt to become a louer,
Learne in what place moſt Virgin sto diſcouer.
I do not bid thee ſaile the Seas to ſeeke,
Or trauell farre to find one thou doſt like.

Like *Perſeus* that among the *Negroes* ſought,
And faire *Andromade* from *Inde* brought:
Or *Paris* who to ſteale that daintie peece,
Trauelld as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*,
Behold the populous Citie in her pride,
Yeelds thee more choice then all the world beſide.
More eares of ripe corne growes not in the fields,
Nor halfe ſo many boughes the Forreſt yeelds:
So many greene leaues growes not in the woods,
Nor ſwimme ſo many fiſh in the ſalt floods.
So many Starres in heauen you cannot ſee,
As here be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
Faire *Venus* in the Citie of her ſonne,
Is honoured with *Æneas* firſt begun,
If in young Laſſes thou delight, behold,
More Virgins thou maiſt ſee then can be told:
If women of en different age will eaſe thee,
Amongſt a thouſand thou maiſt choſe to pleaſe thee
If ancient women, in the Citie bee
Matrons admired for their grauitie:
To find a Matron Widdow or young Maide,
Walke but at ſuch time under *Pompies* ſhade.
When as the Sunne mounts on the *Lions* backe,
And ſtore of all degrees thou ſhalt not lacke:
Or to that marble walke which was begun,
And ended by a Mother and her Sonne.
Abroad, at noone, betimes or euening late,
That day which we to *Luna* conſecrate,
Or to the fiftie fiſters *Belus* daughters,
That all ſaue one made of their husbands ſlaughters
Or that ſame holiday we yearely keepe,
In which faire *Venus* doth for *Adon* weepe,
Or in the ſeauenth day ſacred more then all,
Which the Iewes nation doe their Sabboth call:

Or

Or to the *Memphien* Church, where many a vow,
Is made to the *Egyptian Iſis* and her cow:
Or to the market place, which way is ſhort,
Women of all eſtates do there reſort,
Repaire elſe to the pulpets, euen the ſame
In which our learned Orators declaime,
Here often is the pleaders tongue ſtroke dumbe
By thoſe attractiue eyes that thither come.
There he to whom anothers cauſe is knowne,
Speaking of that, wants words to pleade his owne.
Venus reioycing ſmiles to ſee from farre,
The Lawier made a client at the barre:
But moſt of all I would haue thee ſtir,
At the play time unto the Theater,
Where thou ſhalt finde them thicke in a great nom-
The matted ſeates, and the degrees to comber, (ber
Amongſt that goodly dew thou maiſt behold,
Whom thou both lou'ſt, ſueſt to, & faine would hold
Looke as the laden Ants march to and fro,
And with their heauie burdens trooping go:
Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flie,
Bearing each one her hony in her thigh:
And round about the ſpatious fields do ſtray,
So do the faireſt women to a play,
That I haue wondred how it could include,
Of beauties ſuch a gallant multitude.
There many a Captiue looke hath conquered beene
Thither ſole armed to ſee and to be ſeene.
Great *Romulus* thou firſt theſe playes contriues,
To get thy widdowed ſouldiers *Sabines* wiues,
In thoſe dayes from the marble houſe did waue,
No ſaile, no ſilken flag, no enſigne braue:
The tragicke ſtage in that age was not red,
There were no mixed coulours tempered:

Then did the ſceane want Art, the vnready ſtage,
Was made of graſſe and earth in that rude age.
Round about which the boughs were thickly place
The people did not think themſelues diſgraced:
Of tuffe and heathie Sods to haue their ſeats,
Made in degree of ſods and maſſie peates.
Thus plac'd in order, euery *Roman* bride,
Into his Virgins eyes, and by her ſide.
Sate him downe cloſe, and ſeuerally did moue,
The innocent *Sabine* women to their loue.
And whilſt the Piper *Theuſcus* rudely playde,
And by her ſtamping with his foot had made,
A ſigne unto the reſt, there was a ſhout,
Whoſe ſhrill report pierſt all the ayre about.
Now with a ſigne of rape giuen from the king,
Round through the houſe the luſtie *Romans* fling:
Leauing no corner of the ſame unſought,
Till euery one a frighted Virgin caught:
Looke as the trembling Doue the Eagle flies,
Or a young Lambe when he a Wolfe eſpies:
So run theſe poore girles, filling the ayre with ſhriek
Emptying of all the coulour in their pale cheeks,
One feare poſſeſt them all but not one looke
This tears her haire, ſhe hath her wits forſooke.
Some ſadly ſit, ſome on their mothers call,
Some chafe, ſome flye, ſome ſtage but frighted all.
Thus were the rauiſht *Sabines* bluſhing led,
Becoming ſhame unto each *Romans* bed:
If any ſtriu'd againſt it, ſtrait her man,
Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wa
And ſay why weepeſt thou, ſweet what ailſt my de
Dry up thoſe drops, theſe clouds of ſorrow clear
Ile be to thee, if thou thy griefe wilt ſmother,
Such as thy father was vnto thy mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his ſouldiers pleaſe,
To giue them ſuch faire Miſtreſſes as theſe,
If ſuch rich wages thou wilt giue to me,
Great *Romulus* thy ſouldier I will be,
From that firſt age the *Theater* hath bin.
Euen like a trap to take faire wenches in:
Frequent the Tilt yard, for there oft times are,
Cluſters of people thronging at the barre.
Thou ſhalt not need, there with thy fingers becken,
Of wincking ſignes, or cloſe nods do not reckon;
But where thy Miſtris ſits, do thou abide
Who ſhall forbid thee to attaine her ſide,
As neare as the place ſuffers ſee thou get,
That none betwixt thee and her ſelfe be ſet:
If thou beeſt mute and baſhfull I will teach,
How to begin and breake the ice of ſpeech:
Aske whoſe that horſe was, what he was did guide
Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him. (him
Which in the courſe of barriers beſt did do,
And whom ſhe likes, him do thou fauour to.
When thou eſpieſt where *Romes* beſt gallants ſit:
Applaud faire *Venus* with thy Miſtris hand it:
If duſt by chance upon her garments fall,
Looke with thy ready hand thou bruſh it all.
And though none fall, yet looke that without ſcoffe
Thou with thy dutious hand beat that none off.
And let the leaſt occaſion ſhew thy duty,
None can be too ſeruile vnto beautie:
If her looſe garments hang downe that the skirt,
Tuck'd vp the duſt or fall into the dirt:
Officious be to lift it vp againe,
And from the ſluttiſh earth to beare her traine
Happly thy dutious guardian ſuch may be,
That thou her foot or well ſhapt leg may ſee:

Beware that none behind her rudely crush her,
Or with his bard knees or his elbowes brush her:
Small fauours womens light thoughts captiuate,
And many in their loues make fortunate.
Beating the dust, or fanning the fresh aire,
O' to her wearie foote but adde a haire,
Such diligence and dutie often proues,
Great furtherance to many in their loues.
Within these lists hath *Cupid* battaile sounded;
And he that makes men wounds, himselfe bin wounded:
As careleſſe of himſelfe he pries about,
To know which cõquerors of the Champions ſtout
He feeles himſelfe pierſt with a flying dart,
And wounded ſore, complaines him of his heart.
Oh what aſſemblie did there come to ſee.
Great *Cæſar* ſtand in all his royalltie.
Prayſing his prizes in their ſhouts and skips,
Tooke in the *Perſian* and *Athenian* ſhips,
From both ſides of the Seas young Gallants came,
And Virgins of all ſorts tò ſee the ſame:
Then was the Cittie throng'd, who could not find
In that faire crew a Saint to pleaſe his minde.
Oh gods! how many did kind fancie driue,
Strangers to vs, vs vnto them do wiue.
Behold Great *Cæſar* through the whole world famed
Will adde unto the nations he hath tamed.
The Eaſterne kingdomes here to ouerpaſt,
And they of all his Conqueſt ſhall be laſt.
See where a ſtout reuenger comes in armes,
Whoſe haughty breſt the flower of honour warmes
That being but a child leades warre in chaines,
But more then children can by warre conſtraines,
Thy birth day ſhall by generall accord,
With all the neweſt vertues be ador'd,

Thy

Thy wiſedome which might well become the aged,
Shall in the ſelfe ſame ranke he equipaged:
That all the world may wonder one ſo young,
Hath ſuch a ripe wit, and ſo queint a tongue.
Thy gifts out-ſtrip thy age, whoſe ſlow pace lingers,
Such was his inſtant ſtrength, who twixt his fingers
Cruſht two inuenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,
What would he doe being mounted on the ſaddle,
As great as *Bacchus* when his yeares yet greene,
Was in his power amongſt the *Indies* ſeene:
Is *Cæſar* heire vnto his fathers ſpirit,
That his forefathers vertues do inherit,
With their auſpicious fortune proudly dight.
Wars, and ſhall vanquiſh ſtill where he doth fight:
Such be the fates, decree muſt be his fame
That ſhall wage battell vnder *Cæſars* name.
Liue ſt ill thou, youth, of whom thou now art king,
With milkewhite heads and beards thy praiſes ſing,
Reuenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father,
And to the wars millions of people gather.
Thy father, and thy countries father too.
Caſe thee in armes againſt thy inſulting foe.
Thou bear'ſt religious armes ſo doth not he,
Wrong leades him forth, but iuſtice fightes for thee:
Behold the *Parthians* are already ſlaine.
The Eaſt yeelds homage to the *Latine* traine:
Cæſar and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both
Bee powerfull in his iourney now he goeth,
I prophefie his conqueſt and his praiſe,
In a rich ſtile vnto the heauens Ile raiſe:
With my field words he ſhall his armie cheare,
Which with their ſweet ſound ſhal inchant each eare
Whilſt I the *Parthians* flight deſcribe at large,
Who backward ſhoote, as flying, their foes charge.

And

And of the *Romans* resolution write,
In vaine poore *Parthian* souldiers thou dost fight,
Mars the great god of armes, forsake thy droome,
In vaine thou hop'st by flight to ouercome:
In what day shalt thou fairest of all things,
Be deck with gold, attended on by Kings.
And drawne along by foure white snowie Steeds.
To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.
The whitest thy troopes of souldiers round inuiron
The Captaine of the enemy bound with irons:
Giuing their legs to keepe them from the flight,
Which they before did practise in their fight.
The ioyfull young men mingled with sweet lasses,
Will croud and presse to see him as he passes,
And now being meet, no sweete occasion balke,
Make speech of any thing to enter talke:
Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
And take vpon thee to explaine each show.
As thus she *Euphrates* that first proceeds,
Hauing her head bound with a reath of reeds
Call the next *Tigris* with her haire all blew,
Maides may be flattered, to think fained things tru
Say this presents *Armenia*, *Denae* she,
In the next place let *Achemonia* be. (bl
That man's a conqueror, captiues they that trem
Speake truly, if thou canst, if not dissemble.
Thence if you go to banckquet and sit downe,
To tast sweet Viands and to drinke a round,
There may thy thoughts vnto my art incline,
Obseruing loue. more then the crimson wine,
Cupid himselfe alwayes inured to rapes,
Hath with his own whit hand rest *Bacchus* grapes
Vntill his wings with sprinkeled wine made wet,
He heauie sits and sleepes where he is set.

Th

The dew from off his feathers ſoone he ſhakes,
Which from his drowned wings the dry aire takes,
But from his breaſt ſo ſoone he cannot driue,
Loue ſprinkled there, though nere ſo much he ſtriue
Wine doth prepare the ſpirits, heates the braine hot,
Expels deepe cares, make ſorrowes quite forgot:
Moues mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man proud
And not remembring need to laugh aloud:
Sets ope the thoughts, doth rudenes baniſh,
Refineth arts, and at wine fight woes vaniſh.
In wine hath many a young mans heart bin tooke
And borne away in a faire wenches looke,
In wine is luſt and rancknes of deſire,
Ioyne wine and loue, and you adde fire to fire:
Chooſe not a face by torch-light, but by day,
Onely groſſe faults ſuch ſplendors can bewray.
Truſt no made lights, they will deceiue thine eye,
Thou canſt not iudge by torch-light, nor in twie.
At the broad noone tide, when the Sun ſhin'd rareſt,
Did *Paris* ſay to *Hellen* thou art faireſt.
The night hides faults, the midnight houre is blind,
And no miſhapt deformity can find.
Stones and dyed Scarlet by the day we chuſe:
The broad day and bright ſunne in beauty vſe:
Sometimes vnto thoſe places taske thy feet,
Where the faire forreſt hantreſſes do meete.
In number more then ſea ſands, elſe prepare,
To the warme bathes, where many a female are:
There ſome or other hurt by *Cupids* ſtroke,
Where troubled waters with warme brimſtone ſmoke
Miſtakes the wounds, cauſe and exclaming raues,
Not blaming Loue, But thoſe vnholſome waues.
See where *Dianaes* grouie Temple ſtands,
Where kingdoms haue bin won by ſlaughtringhands

Becauſe

Becauſe ſhe *Cupid* loathes and liues chaſt ſtill.
Much people he hath ſlaine and much ſhall kill:
Thus farre my Muſe hath ſung in diuers ſtraines:
Where thou maiſt find fit place to ſet thy traines,
My next indeauour is to lay the ground,
To atchieue and win the Miſtris thou haſt found.
Be prompt and apt, you that ſhall read my lines,
And vſe attention to their diſciplines,
The firſt ſtrickt precept I enioyne your ſence,
Needfull to be obſeru'd is conſcience:
Be conſtant, thy ſute being once begun,
And build on this they all are to be wonne.
Firſt ſhall the birds that welcome in the ſpring,
All mute and dombe for euer ceaſe to ſing:
The ſommer Ants leaue their induſtrious paines,
And from their full mouthes caſt their loaded
The ſwift *Menatian* hounds that chaſing are (graines
Shall frighted runne backe from the trembling hare
Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee
Poore foole, ſhall haue the hard heart to deny thee,
Stolne pleaſure which to men is neuer hatefull,
To women, is now and at all times ever gratefull:
The difference is a Maide her loue will couer,
Men are more impudent and publicke louers:
Tis meet we men ſhould aske the queſtion ſtill.
Should women do it, it would become them ill.
The Heifers ſtrength being once ripe and mellow,
After the Bull ſhe through the field will bellow.
The Mare neighes after the couragious Steed,
But humane luſt doth not ſo much exceed.
Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keep time & ſeaſon,
Nor beſtiall made like theirs, but mixt with reaſon,
Shold I of *Biblis* ſpeake whoſe hot deſire
Doth to the brothers lawleſſe bed aſpire:

And

And when the inceſtuous deed ſhe well ſuſpendeth,
With reſolution her ſweet life ſhe endeth:
Mirrha the loue of her owne father ſought,
Affecting him but not as daughters ought:
Her body in a tree rough rinde appeares,
And with her ſweete and odoriferous teares,
Our bodies we perfume, theſe are the ſame,
*Mirrh*or their miſtris *Mirrha* that beares the names
In *Ida* of tall tree and Cedars full,
There fed the glory of the heard, a Bull, (grew,
Snow white, ſaue twixt his hornes one ſpot there
Saue that one ſtaine he was of milkie hew,
This Bullocke did the Heifers of the groues,
Deſire to beare as Prince of all their droues,
But moſt *Paſiphae* with adulterous breath,
Enuies the louely Heifers to the death:
I ſpeak knowne truth this cannot *Creet* deny,
With all her hundred Cities built on hie.
Tis ſaid that for this Bull the doating Laſſe,
Did vſe to top freſh boughes and mow young graſſe
Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queene afeard,
To grow a kinde companion to the heard:
Thus through the Campaigne ſhe is madly borne.
And a wild Bull to *Minos* giues the horne.
Tis not for brauery he doth loue or loath thee,
Then why, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou ſo richly cloth thee.
Why doſt thou thus thy face and lookes prepare,
What makſt thou with thy glaſſe ordring thy haire.
Vnleſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeeme a Cow,
And how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeeke thee,
Or if thy husband *Minos* do not like thee:
But thy laſciuious thoughts are ſtill increaſt,
Deceiue him with a man, not with a beaſt.

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wilde woods are frequen-
And leauing the Kings bed ſhe is contented: (ted,
To uſe the groues borne by the rage of mind,
Euen as a ſhip with a full Eaſterne wind.
How often hath ſhe with an enuious eye,
Look'd on the Cow that by her bull did lie:
Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer moue,
My hearts chief Lord, and vrge him to her loue.
Behold, how ſhe before him ioyfull skips,
And proudly ietting on the greene graſſe lips:
To pleaſe his amourous eye, thé charg'd the Queen
See in theſe fields that cow no more be ſeene.
No ſooner to her ſeruants had ſhe ſpoke,
But the poore beaſt was ſtraight put to the yoake.
Some of theſe ſtrumpet Heifers the Queene ſlew,
And their warme bloud the alters did imbrew:
Whilſt by the ſacrificing Prieſt ſhe ſtands,
And gripe their trembling entrailes in her hands,
Oft praid ſhe to the Gods but all in vaine, (ſlaine,
To appeaſe their dieties with bloud of beaſts thus
And to their bowels ſpeake, go, go, begone,
To pleaſe him whom I fondly dote upon.
Now doth ſhe wiſh her ſelfe *Europa* then,
To be faire, ſo paſturing in the fenne,
Io a beaſt in ſhape, hide, hoofe, and horne,
Onely *Europa* on a beaſt was borne.
At length the Captaine of the heard beguilde,
With a Cowes skin with curious art compilde.
The longing Queene obtaind her full deſire,
And in the childes birth did bewray the fire:
Had *Creſſa* kept her from *Thieſtes* bed,
She had not with her childe beene baniſhed.
Nor *Phœbus* ſtopt his *Carr* that ſo bright burned,
And his Steeds back vnto the morning turned.

King

King *Miſus* daughter that was held ſo faire,
Stole from her fathers head the purple haire:
And hanging at the ſhip in her fall.
Chang'd to a bird in voice. in ſhape and all.
Another *Silla* was by *Circes* ſpels
Made a Sea monſter, and in the ocean dwels:
Beneath whoſe nauell barketh many a hound.
Whoſe rauenous gulfe like throats ſhip, and men
The wiſeſt of great *Alcides* that by land, (drownd.
Fled the great god of war and did withſtand:
Neptune by Sea. behold alas ſhe dies.
A wofull and lamented ſacrifice:
Whoſe ſorrows only not bright *Cruſaes* flame, (ſame
Wiſhing their ſalt teares might haue quencht the
Who could but weepe to ſee young children ſlaine,
Whilſt their warme blouds their mothers garments
Phanux Annutors daughter ſhe laments, (ſtaine,
The ſwift pact hurrying chariot teares and rents.
Chiefe miſchiefe all by womens luſts engender,
Some of their hearts be tough, though moſt be ten-
Womens deſires are burning, ſome contagious, (der
Mens are more temporate, farre & leſſe outragious:
Then in my art proceed nor doubt to enioy.
And win all women be they nere ſo coy.
Vſe them by my directions, being learned by thee,
Not one amongſt a thouſand will deny thee:
Yet loue they to be vrg'd by ſome conſtraint,
As well in things which they deny as grant:
But take thou no repulſe, iſt not a treaſure,
To enioy new delights and taſt freſh pleaſure.
Varietie of ſweets are welcome ſtill,
And acceptableſt to a womans will:
They thinke that corne beſt in anothers field,
Their neighbors goate the ſweeteſt milk doth yeeld.

But

But firſt ere ſiege be to thy Miſtris laid,
Practiſe to come acquainted with her maid:
She can prepare the way, ſeeke thy redreſſe,
And by her meanes thou maiſt haue ſweet acceſſe.
To her familar eare your counſels ſhow,
And all your priuate pleaſures let her know:
Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward
With her that's eaſie which to thee ſeemes hard,
She can choſe times, ſo times Phyſitions keepe,
When in thy Miſtris armes thou ſafe maiſt ſleepe,
And what muſt be when ſhe is apt to yeeld,
What time the ripe corne ſwells within the field,
When baniſht ſorrowes, from her heart remoue,
And giues mirth place, ſhe lies broad wake to loue.
Whileſt *Troy* was penſiue, twas well fenc'd and kept,
But then betraid when they ſecurely ſlept:
Yet ſometimes proue her, when thou find'ſt her ſad,
Mourning her owne wrong with ſome vſage bad.
Follow that humor with thy fluent tongue,
Shee'l grace thee to reuenge her former wrong.
Her may the induſtrious maide betimes prepare,
And ſoftly whiſper, yet that ſhe may heare,
Such wrongs no woman that hath ſprit can beare:
So ſhee proceeds to thee, lifts thy praiſes hie,
Sweare for her chaſte Loue thou art bent to dye,
And there ſtep in, and doubt not to preuaile.
Yet ere her furious anger hath ſtrooke ſaile,
Rage in that Sea: delay conſumes and dyes,
Like ice againſt the ſunne; no grace deſpiſe
That from the hand-maid comes; with all thy power
Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower.
She is induſtrious and made apt for ſport,
And by her office limits your reſort,

Shee

She, if her owne counſel may be cloſly kept,
Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
All is hap hazard, though it be with paine,
My counſell is from theſe things to abſtaine.
I will not headlong ouer mountaines tread,
Nor following me ſhall any be miſled:
But of the maide by whom thou ſend'ſt thy letter,
With her care pleaſe thee well, with her face better
Begin not therefore with the Maide to toy.
Thy Miſtris loue and fauour firſt enioy.
One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
Nor let my words amongſt the windes depart:
If thou haſt mou'd her once take no denyall,
Reſolue to act, or neuer to make tryall,
From feare and blame thou art ſecure and free,
As ſoone as ſhe partakes the crime with thee.
You ſee the bird that to the morning ſings,
Cannot ſoare high, when ſhe hath ſim'd her wings:
Nor can the ſauage Boare with briſled backe,
Breake through thoſe toyles, which he before made
The fiſh that glides along the ſiluer brook, (ſlack
Is quickly drawne, being wounded with the hooke,
So hauing once but tride her, make her yeeld,
And neuer part but conquer from the field:
The fault being mutuall, knowing how ſhe fell
The baſhfull girle will be aſham'd to tell,
But ſhee can ſhew thee in familiar phraſe,
Both what thy vertuous Miſtris doth and ſayes.
Alwayes be ſecret if your gilt appeare,
Twill in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare.
He is deceiu'd that thinkes all times auaile
For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to ſayle:
All ſeaſons are not kinde when men ſhould ſow,
Times muſt be pickt, to haue your graine well grow.

Nor alwayes is the surging ocean fit,
That the well fraughted ship may saile in it:
Nor is it alwayes time faire girles to woe,
Sometimes abstaine, so doth thy Master doe.
Omit her birth-day, and those Calends misse,
When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstaine to kisse:
At some forbidden seasons being deckt,
With princely tire, vse her with great respect:
In the breame winter when that *Phades* raine.
From the sweet worke of *Venus* most abstaine:
Forbeare the like resort amongst thy wenches,
When that the tender kidd the ocean drenches.
Thou shalt begin euen in that very day,
When wofull and lamenting *Alila*.
Lookes on the tragicke earth made crimson red,
With the wild *Romans* wounds which that day bled
Or in the seuenth feast which is held diuine,
And honoured by the men of *Palestine*.
Thy Ladyes birth day Ceremonies make,
And superstitiously all workes forsake,
Aboue all dayes let that a blacke day be,
When thou giuest ought, or she doth beg of thee
You shall haue some into your bosomes creepe,
Who iestingly will snatch things they will keepe.
And by some slight and pretty wanton suite,
To enrich themselues will leaue thee destitute,
First shall the linnen draper bring his wares,
And lay his pack wide open, at the Faires.
She will peruse them as thou standst her nigh,
The whilst the Draper askes what will you buy?
Strait will she craue thy iudgement in the Lawne,
Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawne:
Then will she kisse thee, pray thee she may try it,
Thus by her flattery thou art wonne to buy it.

Canst

Canſt thou deny the wanton ſhe will ſweare,
This gift ſhall ſerue her uſe for many a yeare:
It is now cheape ſhe hath great need of this,
And euery word ſhe mingles with a kiſſe.
Haſt thou no coyne about thee thou ſhalt ſend,
To intreat it by a letter from thy frend.
What muſt I needs preſent her with this casket,
Becauſe that on her birth day ſhe doth ask it?
Then euery day ſhe wants ſhe will be ſworne,
That at that very day ſhe's bred and borne,
Or when I ſee her how ſhe ſadly weeps,
And fayning ſome falſe loſſe much ſeeking keepes,
As if ſhe had let fall ſome pretious thing,
A iewell from her eare, her hand a ring.
What's that to me, or if I here her pray,
To borrow this or that vntill ſome day.
What's lent is loſt, and to be found no more.
Women things borrowed neuer will reſtore.
Ten tongues, as many mouthes cannot impart,
Halfe the ſleights vſed in the ſtrumpets art,
Make loue with letters and thy money ſaue,
And let them wax, and inke, and paper haue,
Keepe what thou haſt, for words good words ſurrender,
For flattery, like falſhood euer tender.
Faire words are cheape, what more thou giu'ſt is loſt,
Flatter, ſpeake faire, 'tis done with little coſt.
Old *Priam* by intreaty *Hector* wonne,
Which bribed *Achilles* neuer would haue done:
Force is but weake, intreaty hath her odds.
So we intreate but not inforce the gods.
A promiſe is a charme to make fooles fat,
Be full of them, promiſe no matter what.
A promiſe is a meere inchanting witch,
By promiſes 'tis an eaſie matter to be rich.

Da to dona ſicut dat mella geniſta.

The hope of gaine will keepe thy credit free,
Hope is a goddeſſe falſe yet true to thee
Giue her and ſay, you part on ſome diſdaine,
Thou by her looſeth, ſhe by thee ſhall gaine:
Be allwaies giuing, but your gift ſtill keepe,
And thy delayes in wordes well harmed ſteepe.
So hath the barren field deceiu'd the ſwaine,
So doth the Gamſter looſe in hope to gaine:
Loue that on euen hands growes is moſt pure,
That which comes gratis longeſt doth endure.
Write firſt, and let thy pleaſant lines ſalute her,
A letter breakes the ice of any ſuiter:
A letter in an apple writ and ſent,
Wonne faire *Cidippe* to her louers bent.
You *Roman* Youthes all other toyes reſigne:
Leaue the ſeuen liberall Arts and Muſes nine:
As when you heare an Orator declaime,
The people iudge and Senat grace the ſame.
So when the faire maids thou ſhalt come among,
Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,
But ſpeake not by the booke, it breeds offence,
To count in ſtrange and fuſtian eloquence:
None but a gull ſuch Baſtard words will praiſe,
Or in his ſpeech vſe an inforced phraſe.
Who but a mad man elſe with Orations,
Plead to his loue and woe in declamations
Vſe a ſmooth language, and accuſtomed ſpeech,
And with no ſtraining diſcourſe loue beſeech,
As if thou camſt to ſpeak a ſtudied part,
But as immediately ſent from the heart.
If ſhe receiue thy lines, and ſcornes to read them,
But caſting them away, on the ground tread them:
Deſpaire not though, but that ſhe may in time,
And will with iudging eyes peruſe thy rime,

In

time the ſtubborne Heifers draw the waine,
time the wildeſt ſteeds do brooke the raine:
time frets hard iron, in time the plowſhares worne
et the ground ſoft by which the ſteele is torne.
What's harder then a ſtone, or what more ſoft
hen water is, and yet by droping oft
he gentle raine will eat into the flints,
nd in their hard ſides leaues impreſſiue dints.
o but perſiſt the ſuite thou haſt begone:
n time will chaſte *Penelope* be wonne:
ong was it ere the Cittie *Troy* was taine:
et was it burnt at length and *Priam* ſlaine.
Hath the peruſe the ſcroule thou didſt indite,
nd will ſhe not as yet an anſwer write:
nforce her not, it is enough to thee,
hat ſhe hath read it, and thy loue doth ſee.
eare not, if once ſhe read what thou haſt write,
he will vouchſafe in time to anſwer it.
t firſt perhaps her letter will be ſowr,
nd on thy hopes her paper ſeeme to lowr:
n which ſhe will coniure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbeare thy hated ſuite
Tuſh, what ſhe moſt forwarnes ſhe moſt deſires,
n froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.
Onely purſue to reape what thou haſt ſowne,
A million to a mite ſhe is thy owne.
If thou by chance haſt found her in ſome place,
Downe on her back and vpwards with her face.
Occaſion ſmiles upon thee, thanke thy fate,
Steale to her beſides with a theeuiſh gate:
And hauing wonne, vnto her wiſely beare thee,
With watchfull care that no Eauſedropper heare thee. *When thou*
Or if ſhe walke abroad without delay, *meeteſt her*
Be thou a quicke ſpie to obſerue her way. *abroad.*

Keepe in her eye, and croſſe her in the ſtreet,
Here ouertake her, at that corner meet;
Then come behinde her, then out ſtrip her pace,
And now before her, and now after trace.
Now faſt, now ſlow, and euer moue ſome ſtay,
That ſhe may finde thee ſtill firſt in her way,
Not be affraid if thou occaſion ſpie.
To iog her elbow as thou paſſeſt by.
When thou findeſt her in the Theater.
Or if thou happeneſt to behold from farr,
Thy Miſtris croſſing to the Theater:
Hye to the place, being there look round about thee
And in no ſeate let her be found without thee
No matter though the play thou do not minde.
Thou ſights enough within her face ſhalt find:
There ſtand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,
There ſpeaking lookes may whiſper thy deſire,
Applaud him whom ſhe likes, if thou diſcouer,
In any ſtraine a true well acted louer.
Make him thy inſtance, court her by all skill,
If ſhe riſe, riſe, if ſhe ſit, ſit thee ſtill:
Laugh thou but whē ſhe ſmiles, die when ſhe lowers
And in her lookes and geſtures looſe thy howers.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not weare,
Vſe not hot irons to criſpe and curle thy haire,
No ſpruce ſtarch faſhions ſhould on louers waite,
Men beſt become a meere neglected gate.
Blunt *Theſeus* came with no perfumes to *Creete*
And yet great *Minos* daughter thought him ſweete.
Phœdra did loue *Hippolitus*, yet he,
Had on his back no Courtly brauery.
Adonis like a woodman ſtill was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the louely lad:
Go neate and handſome, comelines beſt pleaſes
And the deſire of women, ſooneſt ceaſes.

Vſe

Vſe a meete gate, thy garments without ſtaine,
Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine,
Thy tong haue without roughnes, thy teeth cleare
And white, and let no ruſt inhabite there,
Weare thy ſhoes cloſe and fit and not to wide,
Cut thy haire compaſſe, euen on either ſide:
Let no diſordered haires here and there ſtand,
But haue thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand.
Make blunt thy nailes. pare them & keep them low
Let no ſtiffe haires within thy noſtrils grow:
Keepe thy breath ſweet and freſh, leſt ranke it ſmell
Such is the aire where bearded goates do dwell.
All other looſe tricks and effeminate toyes:
Leaue thou to wanton girles and iugling boyes:
Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
He fauor louers and thoſe amourous flames,
In which he hath bene ſcorcht; it ſo fell out,
Mad *Ariadne* ſtraid the Ile about:
Being left alone within that deſert plaine,
Where the brooke *Dia* pores into the maine.
Who making from her reſt her vaile vnbound,
Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
Her golden haire diſolued, aloud ſhe raues,
Calling on *Theſeus* to the defuſed waues.
On *Theſeus*, cruell *Theſeus*, whom ſhe ſeeks, (cheeks
Whilſt ſhowers of teares makes furrowes in her
She calls and weeps, & weeps and calls at once,
Which might to ruth moue the ſenceles ſtones.
Yet both alike became her, they grac'd her,
The whilſt ſhe ſtriues to call him, or cry faſter,
Then beates ſhe her ſoft breaſt, and makes it grone
And then ſhe cries what is falſe *Theſeus* gone?
What ſhall I do? ſhe cries, what ſhall I do?
And with that note ſhe runs the Forreſt through

The tale of Theſeus and Ariadne.

When ſuddenly her eares might vnderſtand,
Cimballs and Timbrels touch't with a loud hand,
To which the forreſt woods and caues reſound:
And now amaz'd ſhe ſenceles falls to ground.
Behold the *Nymphes* come with their ſcattered hair
Falling behind: which they like garments weare,
And the light *Satires*, and vntoward crew,
Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
Then old *Silenus* on his lazie aſſe.
Nods with his drunken pate about to paſſe.
Where the poore Ladie, all in teares lies drown'd,
Scarce ſits the drunkard, but he falls to ground,
Scarce holds the bridle faſt, but ſtaggering ſtoopes,
Following thoſe giddy *Bacchanlian* troopes.
Who dance the wild *Laualto* on the graſſe
Whilſt with a ſtaffe he layes vpon his aſſe.
At length when the young *Satyrs* leaſt ſuſpect,
He tumbling falls quite from his aſſes neckc:
But vp they heaue him, whilſt each *Satyre* cries,
Riſe good old father, good old Father riſe,
Now comes the god himſelfe, next after him,
His vine like Chariot driuen with *Tygres* grimme:
Colour and voice, and *Theſeus* ſhe doth lack:
There would ſhe fly, and their feare pulld her back:
She trembles like a ſtalke the winde doth ſhake
Or a weake reed that growes beſides the lake.
To whom the Gods ſpake, Lady take good cheare,
See one more faithfull then falſe *Theſeus* here.
Thou ſhalt be wife to *Bacchus* for a gift,
Receiue high heauen, and to the ſpheares be lift,
Where thou ſhalt ſhine a ſtarre to guide by night,
The wandring Seaman in his courſe aright.
This ſaid, leaſt that his *Tigres* ſhould affray,
The trembing maide, the God his coach doth ſtay.

And

And leaping from his Chariot with his heeles,
He prints the ſand, with that the *Nymph* he feeles
And hugging her, in vaine ſhe doth reſiſt.
He beares her thence, Gods can do what they liſt.
Some *Hymen* ſing, and *Io* cry,
So *Bacchus* with the maide that night doth lye:
Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
And thou that night vnto thy loue doth owe:
Pray to the god of grapes that in thy bed,
The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
In wine much hidden talke thou maiſt inuent;
To giue thy Lady note of thy intent.
To tell her thou art hers and ſhe is thine,
Thus euen at board make loue tricks in the wine.
Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
How with thy ſpeaking eye to moue thy ſuite:
Good language may be made in lookes and wincks,
Be firſt that takes the cup wherein ſhe drinks.
And note the very place her lip did touch
Drinke iuſt at that, let thy regard be ſuch.
Or when ſhe carues, what part of all the meate
She with her finger touch that cut and eate:
Or if thou carue to her or, ſhe to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
Be with her friend familiar, and be ſure,
It much auailes to make thy loue endure:
When thou drink'ſt, drink to him aboue the reſt,
Grace him, and make thy ſelfe a thankfull gueſt.
In euery thing preferre him to his face.
Though in his function he be nere ſo baſe.
The courſe is ſafe and doth ſecureneſſe lend,
For who ſuſpectleſſe may not greet his friend.
Yet though the path thou tread'ſt ſeem ſtraight and plaine,
In ſome things it is full of rubs againe.

Loue tricks vſed in eating and drinking.

Drinke

Drinke ſparingly, for my impoſe is ſuch,
And in your ſinging him take not too much:
Carrouſe not to much. Carrouſe not but with ſoft and moderate ſups,
Haue a regard and meaſure in your cups.
Let both the feete and thoughts their office know,
Chiefly beware of brawling which may grow
By too much wine, from fighting moſt abſtaine,
In ſuch a quarrell was *Eurition* ſlaine: (after,
Where ſwaggering leades the way miſchiefe comes
Iunkets and wine were made for mirth & laughter,
Sing. Sing if thy voice be delicate and ſweet,
Dance. If thou canſt dance then nimbly ſhake thy feet.
If thou haſt in thee ought that's more then comm',
Shew it; ſuch gifts as theſe moſt pleaſe a woman.
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the braine,
Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.
Inſtruct thy liſping tongue ſometimes to trip,
That if a word miſplac'd do paſſe thy lip:
At which the carping preſence find ſome clauſe,
It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cauſe.
Then boldly ſay, how happy were that man,
That could enfould thee in his armes and then
Wiſh to embrace her in her ſweet hearts ſtead,
Whom in her eare thou raueſt to ſee dead.
But when the tables drawne and ſhe among
The full crew riſing thruſt into the throng.
And touch her ſoftly as ſhe forth doth goe,
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to ſpeake, be not afraid,
Him that is bold both loue and fortune aid.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick true loue ſhow,
Good words vnwares vpon thy tongue will flow,
Make as thy tong could wound thy ſoul with griefe
And vſe what art thou canſt to win reliefe.

All

All women of themſelues ſelfe-loued are,
The fouleſt in their owne conceits are faire:
Praiſe them, they will beleeue thee I haue knowne,
A meere diſsembler a true louer growne.
Proouing in earneſt what he faind in ſport,
Then, oh you Maides, vſe men in gentle ſort:
Be affable, and kinde, and ſcorne eſchew,
Loue forg'd at firſt may at the laſt proue true.
Let faire wordes worke into their hearts as brooks,
Into a hollow band that ouer looks:
The margent of the water praiſe her cheeke:
The coulour of her haire commend and like.
Her ſlender finger and her pretty foot,
Her body and each part that longs vnto't:
And women as you hope my ſtile ſhall raiſe you,
I charge you to beleeue men when they praiſe you,
For praiſes pleaſe the chaſteſt maids delight,
To heare their Louers in their praiſe to write,
Iuno and *Pallas* hate the *Phrigian* ſoyle:
Where *Paris* to their beauties gaue the foile.
Euen yet they enuy *Venus* and ſtill dare her,
To come to a new iudgement which is fairer.
The Peacock being praiſed ſpreads his traine,
Beſilent and he hides his wealth againe.
Horſes trapt richly praiſe them in their race,
They will curuet and proudly mend their pace.
Large promiſes in loue I much alow,
Nay call the gods as witneſſe to thy vow:
For *Ioue* himſelfe ſits in the azure skies,
And laughes below at louers periuries.
Commanding *Eolus* to diſperſe them quite,
Euen *Ioue* himſelfe hath falſly ſworne ſome write.
By *Stix* to *Iuno*, and ſince then doth ſhow,
Fauours to us that falſly ſweare below.

Gods

Gods ſurely be gods, we muſt thinke they are,
To them burne incenſe and due rights prepare:
Nor do they ſleepe as many thinke they do,
Lead harmeleſſe liues, pay debts and forfeits to,
Keepe couenant with thy friend and baniſh fraud,
Kill not, and ſuch a man the gods applaud.
Say women none deceiue, the gods haue ſpoken,
There is no paine impoſ'd on faith ſo broken.
allere fal- Deceiue the ſly deceiuer they finde ſnares,
utem non To catch poore harmeleſſe louers vnawares.
l fraus. Lay the like traines for them; nine yeare ſome faine
In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of raine,
uſiris kild When *Thratius* to the grimme *Buſiris* goes,
hratius And from the Oracle this anſwer ſhowes:
cauſe he That *Ioue* muſt be appeaſ'd with ſtrangers blood,
as a ſtran- They ſaid *Buſiris* kild him where he ſtood:
r. And ſaid withall thou ſtranger firſt art ſlaine,
To appeaſe the Gods and bring great *Egypt* raine
Phallaris bull, King *Phallaris* firſt ſaid;
With the worke maſter that the Engine made:
Both Kings were iuſt, death deaths inuenter try,
And iuſtly in their owne inuentions die,
So ſhould falſe oathes, by right falſe oathes beguile
And a deceitfull girle be caught by wile:
eepe to Then teach thy eyes to weepe, tears perſwade truth
r, And moues obdurat Adamant to ruth.
At ſuch ſpeciall times that paſſing by,
She may perceiue a teare ſtand in thy eye.
Or if tears faile, as ſtill thou canſt not get them,
iſſe her. With thy moiſt finger rub thy eyes and wet them
Who but a foole that canot iudge of bliſſes,
But when he ſpeakes will with his word mixe kiſſes,
Say ſhe be coy and will giue none at all,
Take them vngiuen, perhaps at firſt ſhee'l brawle.

ſtriue and reſiſt her all the wayes ſhe can,
And ſay withall away you naughtie man.
Yet will ſhe fight like one would loo e the field,
And ſtriuing gladly be conſtraind to yeeld:
Be not ſo boiſterous, do not ſpeake to hie:
Leſt by rude hurting of her lips ſhe cry.
He that gets kiſſes with his pleading tongue,
And gets not all things that to loue belong;
I count him for a Meacocke and a ſot.
Worthy to looſe the kiſſes that he got,
What more then kiſſing wanted of the game,
Was thy meere daſtardie, not baſhfull ſhame:
They terme it force, ſuch force comes welcome ſtill,
What pleaſeth them they grant againſt their will.
Phœbe the faire was forc'd ſo was her ſiſter,
Yet *Phœbe* in her heart thank'd him that kiſt her:
There is a tale well knowne how *Hecubs* ſonne,
To ſteale faire *Hellen* through the ſtreame did run,
Venus who by his cenſure wonne in *Ide*,
Gaue to him in requitall this faire bride:
Now for another world doth ſaile with ioy,
A welcome daughter to the king of *Troy*
The whileſt the Grecians are already come,
Mou'd with this publick wrong againſt *Ilium*:
Achilles in a ſmok his Sex doth ſmother,
And layes the blame upon his careſull mother.
What makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,
When *Pallas* in a caske ſhould hide thy skull?
What doth that palme with webs and threds of gold
Which are more fit a warlike ſhield to hold?
Why ſhould that right hard rocke and twig contain
By which the *Troyan Hector* muſt be ſlaine,
Caſt off theſe looſe vailes and thy armour take.
And in thy hand the ſpeare of *Pelias* ſhake.

Thus

Thus Lady like he with a Lady lay,
Till what he was her belly did bewray:
Yet was she forc'd; so oft we to beleeue,
Not to be so inforst how would she grieue.
When he should rise from her still would she cry,
For he had arm'd him and his Rocke laid by,
And with a soft voice spake *Achille* stay,
It is to soone to rise, lie downe I pray:
And then the man that forc'd her she would kisse,
What force *Deidemeia* call you this.
There is a kinde of feare in the first proffer,
But hauing once begun she takes the offer,
Trust not to much young man to thy faire face,
Nor looke a woman should entreat thy grace,
First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
Be forward in her eare to sue and pray
If thou wilt reape fruites of thy loues effects,
Onely begin 'tis all that she expects,
So in the ancient times *Olimpian Ioue*,
Made to *Heroes* suite and wonne their loue:
But if thy words breed scorne, a while forbeare,
For many what most flies them hold most deare:
And what they may haue profer'd fly and shunne,
By soft retreate great vantage may be wonne.
In person of a woer come not still,
But sometimes as a friend in meere good will:
Thou camst her friend, but shalt returne her Loue,
A white soft hew my iudgement doth disproue
Giue me a face whose coulour knowes no art,
Which the greene sea hath tan'd the Sunne made
Beauty is meere vnconely in a Clowne, (swart:
That vnder the hot Planets plough the ground.
And thou that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeeme,
To haue a white face it would ill beseene.

e secrett in ue.

eauty not pproued in man.

Let

Let him that loues looke pale, for I proteſt,
That coulour in a Louer ſtill ſhewes beſt,
Orion wandring in the woods lookt ſickly,
Daphne being once in loue loſt colour quickly
Thy leanneſſe argues loue, ſeeme ſparely fed
And ſometimes weare a nightcap on thy head,
For griefs and cares that in afflictions ſhow,
Weaken a Louers ſpirits and bring him low.
Looke miſerably poore, it much behoues,
That all that ſee you, may ſay, yon man loues,
Shall I proceed or ſtay, moue or diſwade?
Friendſhip and faith of no account are made.
Loue mingles right with wrong, friendſhip deſpiſes
And the world faith holds vaine, and ſlightly priſes.
Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend,
To thy companion or thy truſty friend:
Leaſt of thy praiſe enamoured it may breed,
Like loue in them with paſſions that exceed,
Yet was the nuptiall bed of great *Achilles*
Vnſtain'd by his deare friend *Actorides*:
The wife of *Theſeus* though ſhe went ſtray,
Was chaſt as much as in *Pithirous* lay.
Phœbus and *Pallas*, *Hermonius*, *Phillades*,
And the two twins we call *Tentarides*:
Tend to the like, but he that in theſe daies,
For the like truſt acquires the ſelfe ſame praiſe.
He may aſwell from weedes ſeeke ſweete roſe buds,
Apples of thornetrees, honie from the flouds.
Nothing is practiſ'd now, but what is ill,
Pleaſure is each mans God, faith they excell:
And that ſtolne pleaſure is reſpected chiefe,
Which falls to one man by anothers griefe:
O miſchiefe you young louers, feare not thoſe,
That are your open and profeſsed foes,

Looke pale.

Leane.

Sickly.

Suſpect thy friend in loue.

Suſpect

Suſpect thy friend, though elſe in all things iuſt.
Yet in thy loue he will deceiue thy truſt,
Friends breed true feares in loue the preſence hate
Of thy neare kinſman, brother and ſworne mate.
I was about to end, but loe I ſee,
Quot capita tot ſenſus. How many humorous thoughts in women be,
But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raiſe,
A thouſand humors woe a thouſand wayes:
One plot of ground all ſimples cannot bring,
This is for vines, here corne their oliues ſpring.
More then be ſeuerall ſhapes beneath the skies,
Haue womens geſtures, thoughts, and fantaſies?
He that is apt will in himſelfe deuiſe,
Innumerable ſhapes of fit diſguiſe,
To ſhift and change like *Proteus* whom wee ſee.
A Lion firſt, a bore, and then a tree.
Some fiſhes ſtrangely by a dart are tooke,
Theſe by a net and others by a hooke:
All ages not alike intrapped are,
The crooked old wife ſees the traine from far.
Appeare not learned vnto one that's rude,
Nor looſe to one with chaſtitie indu'd:
Shoule you ſo do alas the pretty elues,
Would in the want of *Art* diſtruſt themſelues,
Hence comes it, their beſt fortunes ſome refuſe
And the baſe bed of an inferior chuſe:
Part of my toyles remaines, and part is paſt
Here doth my ſhaken ſhip her ancker caſt.

FINIS,

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE.

SIng *Io Paan*, twice twice *Io* say,
My toyles are pitcht, & I haue caught my prayt
Let the glad Louer crowne my head with bayes
And before old blind *Homer Ouid* praise.
So did king *Priams* ſonne exulting skip, *Paris.*
With the faire rauiſh'd *Helen* in his ſhip: *Pelops.*
So did he ſing that in his chariot runne,
And Victor like the bright *Atlanta* wonne.
Whether away young man thy barke is loſt,
Yet in the mid-ſea farre from any coaſt:
'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,
To finde a Lady that commandes thy heart,
The reach of my inuention is much deeper.
By art thou her ſhalt win, by art ſhalt keepe her:
As difficult it is by art to blinde her.
To thy deſires, as at the firſt to finde her.
In this conſiſts the ſubſtance of my skill,
Cupid and *Venus* both aſſiſt me ſtill.
And gratious *Erato* my ſtile prepare,
Thou art the muſe that haſt of Louers care,
I promiſe wondrous things, I will explaine,
How fickle thoughts in loue may firme remaine,

And how the wag in fetters may be hurld,
That ſtrayes and wanders round about the world.
Yet is Ioue light and hath too wings to fly:
Tis hard to outſtrip him mounting the skie.
The tale of Dedalus & his ſonne Icarus.
What *Minos* to his gueſt alwayes denied,
A deſperate paſsage through the aire he tried:
As *Dedalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In which to ſhut the Queene *Paſiphaes* guilt.
Kneeling he ſayes, iuſt *Minos* end my mones,
And let my native country throud my bones.
Grant me great king, what yet the fates deny,
And where I haue not liued ô let me die:
Or if dread Soueraigne I deſerue no grace,
Looke with a pitious eye on my childs face.
And graunt him leaue, from whence we are exilde,
Or pitty me, if you deny my childe.
This and much more he ſayes, but all in vaine:
Both ſonne and ſire ſtill doth the king detaine.
Which he perceiuing, ſaid, now now tis fit,
To giue the world cauſe to admire thy wit:
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor land nor ſea lies open to our flight:
Onelie the ayre remaines, then let vs trie,
To cut a paſsage through the aire and flie:
Ioue be auſpitious to my enterpriſe,
I couet not to mount aboue the skies,
But make this refuge ſince I can prepare,
No meanes to flie my Lord, but through the aire.
Make me immortall, bring me to the brim,
Of the blacke *Stigian* waters, *Stix* I le ſwim.
Oh humane wit thou canſt inuent much ill,
Thou ſearcheſt ſtrange arts who would think by skill
A heauie man like a light bird ſhould ſtray,
And through the emptie heauens find a fit way.

He

e placeth in iuſt order all his quils,
hoſe bottoms with reſolued wax he fills:
hen bindes them with a line, and being faſt tide,
e placeth them like oares on either ſide.
he little lad the downie feathers blew,
nd what his father wrought he nothing knew:
he wax he ſoftened with the ſtrings he plaid,
ot thinking for his ſhoulders they were made:
o whom his father ſpake, and then lookt pale,
ith theſe ſwift ſhips we to our land muſt ſaile,
ll paſſage now doth cruell *Minos* ſtop,
nely the empty aire he ſtill leaues ope:
hat way muſt we, the land and the rough deepe,
oth *Minos* barre the aire, he can not keepe,
ut in the way beware thou ſet no eie,
n the ſigne *Virgo* nor *Bootes* hie:
ooke not the blacke *Orion* in the face,
hat beares a ſword, but iuſt with me keepe place,
hy wings are now in faſtning, follow me,
will before thee flie, as thou ſhalt ſee.
hy father mount or ſtoope, ſo I aſreed thee,
ake me thy guide and ſafely I will lead thee.
f we ſhould ſoare too neare great *Phebus* ſeate,
he melting wax will not endure the heate.
r if we fly too neare the humid ſeas,
ur moiſtened wings we ſhall not ſhake with eaſe,
ly betweene both, and with the guſts that riſe,
et thy light bodie faile amidſt the skies.
nd euer as his little ſonne he charmes,
e fits the feathers to his tender armes,
nd ſhewes him how to moue his body light,
s birds do teach the little young ones flight:
y this he calls a counſell of his wits,
And his owne wings vnto his ſhoulders fits.

Being about to rise he fearefull quakes,
And in his new way his faint body shakes:
But ere he tooke his flight he kist his sonne,
Whilst flouds of teares downe by his cheeks did runne.
There was a hillock not so high and tall,
As lofty mountains be: nor yet so small:
To be with vallies euen, and yet a hill,
From this they both attempt their vncouth skill:
The father moues his wings and with respect,
His eyes upon his wandring sonne reflect.
They beare a spatious course and the apt boy.
Fearlesse of harmes in his new tract doth ioy.
And flies more boldly now vpon them lookes,
The fishermen that angle in the brookes.
And with their eyes cast vpwards frighted stand,
By this is *Samos* Isle on their left hand:
With *Maxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the rest,
Fearelesse they take the course that likes them best.
Vpon the right hand *Erythras* they forsake,
Now *Astpelea* with thy fishie lakes
Shadie *Pachinne* full of woods and groues:
When the rash boy to bold in venting roues.
Looses his guide, and takes his flight so hie.
That the soft wax against the Sunne doth fry.
And the cords flag that made the feathers fast,
So that his armes haue power vpon no blast:
He fearefully from the high clouds looks downe,
Vpon the lower heauens whose curld wauds frowne
At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
He sees black night and death before his eyes:
Now melts the wax his naked arme he shake.
And seeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
But now the naked lad downe headlong falls,
And by the way he father; father calls?

Helpe

Helpe father, helpe he cries, and as he ſpeakes
A violent waue his courſe of language breakes,
The vnhappy father, but no father now,
Cryes out aloud, ſonne *Icarus* where art thou?
Where art thou *Icarus*? where doſt thou fly?
Icarus where art? when ſtraight he doth eſpie,
The feathers ſwimme, thus loud he doth exclame,
The earth his bones, the Sea ſtill keepes his name.
Minos could not reſtraine a man from flight,
But winged *Cupid* be he nere ſo light.
He gulls himſelfe that ſeekes to witches craft,
Or with a young colts forhead make a draft.
No power in wife *Medeus* potions dwells,
Nor drowned poyſons mixt with magicke ſpels.
The power of Loue is not inforced by theſe,
For were it ſo, then had *Arſanides*
Beene ſtayd by *Phabus*, and *Vliſſe* kept,
Who ſtole from *Circe*, while the inchantreſſe ſlept.
Theſe charmed drugs moues madneſſe: hurts the brain
To gaine pure loue, pure loue returne again. (brain
Miſchieuous thoughts eſchew to purchaſe grace.
Manners preuailes more then a beautious face,
And yet the *Nimphes* the loue of *Nilus* ſeeke,
And *Homer* doats on *Nieureus* the faire Greeke,
But truſt not thou the beautie to keepe kind,
Thy miſtris ſeekes the beauty of thy minde
All outward beautie fades as yeares increaſe,
Euen ſo it weares away and waxeth leſſe.
Beautie in her owne courſe is ouertaken,
The violet now freſh is, ſtrait forſaken.
Nor allwayes do the Lilies of the field,
The glorious beauties of their obiect yeeld.
The fragrant roſe once pluckt the briery throne,
Shews rough & naked, on which the roſe was born

Vſe in Charmes

No Magick potions

Vſe manners.

Oh thou moſt faire, white haires come on apace,
And wrinkled furrowes which will plough thy face:
Inſtruct thy ſoule, thy thoughts haue perfect made,
Theſe beauties laſt till death, all others fade.
To liberall arts thy careſull howers apply,
Learne many tongues with their true Euphony:
Vliſſes was not faire but eloquent,
Yet to his Loue the Sea *Nymphes* did conſent.
How often did the Witch his ſtay implore,
Making the Seas vnfit for ſayle or oare:
She prais'd him oft, becauſe he ſpake ſo well,
Ouer and ouer *Troyes* ſad fate to tell.
Whilſt he with pithy words and fluent phraſe,
Recites the ſelfe ſame ſtorie diuers wayes:
Calipſo as they on the Sea bancke ſtood,
Caſting their eyes vpon the neighbouring flood:
Deſires the fall and bloudy acts to heare,
Wrought by the *Grecian* Captaines ſword & ſpeare.
Then holding twixt his fingers a white wand,
What ſhe requeſts he drawes vpon the ſand.
Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paints.
Thinke *Simois* this imagine theſe my tents:
There was a place in which *Dolon* was ſlaine,
About the virgill watch when with the raine.
The *Hemonian* horſes play, and as he ſpeaker,
To counterfeit that place the ſand he breakes,
Here *Scithian Rheſus* tents are pight on high,
This way his horſemen ſlaine, returned I.
More did he draw, when on the ſudaine low,
A climing waue the ſhore doth ouerflow.
And as her drops amidſt his workes doth fall,
It waſht away his tents, his *Troy* and all:
To which the Goddeſſe dares *Vliſſes* try,
Theſe ſeeming violent waues that clime ſo hie:

And

And wilt thou with theſe waters be annoyed,
By which ſo great names are ſo ſoone deſtroyed.
Then truſt no idle ſhape, it will decay,
Seeke inward beauty, ſuch as laſt for aye:
Sweete affability will enter ſarre
Into a womans breaſt, when ſcorne breeds warre.
We hate the hawke and loath her fleſh to eate,
Becauſe by rapine ſhe doth get her meate.
The Woolfe we hunt, and enuy all her ſtocke,
Becauſe the Lambe ſhe kils, and ſpoiles the flocke:
But none the gentle ſwallow layes to catch,
The louing ſtockes within our turrets hatch,
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,
Loue with kind language and faire ſpeeches ſpeeds
Strife makes the married couple often iarre:
The man with wife, the wife with man to warre:
Leaue brauls to wiues, they are their marriage dower,
And with kinde words ſalute thy Paramore
When by appointment you ſhall meet in bed,
By the lawes done, you are not thither led:
Strict ſtatutes from ſuch actions ſtill withdraw,
Yet your abounding loue ſupplie the Law:
Bring louing ſpeeches to enchant the eare,
And mouing words ſuch as ſhe ioies to heare:
I am not Tutor vnto him that's rich,
My precepts ſoare not to ſo high a pitch.
The Louer that's endow'd with gold or fee,
And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at euery word can take ſupply,
Hath in that euery word more wit then I:
We yeeld to him he that their laps can fill.
Teacheth an art that goes beyond my skill.
My Muſe inſtructs poore Louers wanting pelfe,
For when I lou'd I was but poore my ſelfe.

Still as my purſe no ſtore of crownes affords,
I in the ſtead of rich gifts giue fair words:
Be fearfull you poore louers to diſpleaſe,
Be patient to endure things againſt your eaſe.
Things that the rich would ſcorne, it was my hap:
Once as my head lay in my miſtris lap;
To grow inrag'd, when ſtraight I fell to beate her,
To touſe her ordered locks and ill intreate her.
But what enſude oh God, much griefe it coſt me,
Many ſweet dayes, many ſweet nights it loſt me.
Whether I toucht her cloathes, I might deny,
She ſayes I tore them, I ſome new muſt buy:
You Schollers by your Maſters harmes beware,
Theſe ills by him already proued are.
Make againſt the *Parthians* warre, but to thy Loue
Being concord peace, and all things that can moue:
Though at the firſt you finde him but vntoward,
Beare it, and ſhe in time will proue leſſe froward.
The crooked arme that from the tree is cut.
By gentle vſage is made ſtraite, but put:
Such violence is it as thy ſtrength deliuers
And thou wilt breake the ſhort wood into ſhiures.
By induſtry thou maiſt ore ſwimme a floud,
Whoſe raging currant elſe is ſcarce withſtood.
By induſtry the *Tigres* gently grow:
And the wild Lions may be tamed ſo.
The ſauage Bull whoſe fierce ire doth prouoke,
By induſtry is brought vnto the yoake:
Arcadian Atalanta was moſt cruelie,
At length came one whom ſhe eſteem'd her Iewell.
Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his miſhap,
And her ſeuerity who ſought to intrapt
Her harmleſſe Louers, oft, at her fierce becke,
He laid betwixt his ſhoulders and her necke.

e patient.

The

The toyles for ſauage Beaſts: and with his ſpeare,
He pierſt ſuch vntam'd cattell as came neare:
To ſuch hard taskes I do not thee compell
To arme thy body againſt Monſters fell.
In the wide wilderneſſe to ſeeke out broyles,
Nor on thy necke to beare the guilefull toyles.
My impoſition is not ſeuere:
No ſuch aduentures are inioyned here.
This onely meanes all danger will diſperſe: *Humor her.*
Yeeld her her humour when ſhe goes peeuerſe:
What ſhe in conference argues, argue thou.
What ſhe approues, in thoſe ſame words allow,
Say what ſhe ſaies, deny what ſhe denies,
If ſhe laugh, laugh, if ſhe weepe wet thine eyes.
And let thy countenance be to thine a law,
To keepe thy actions and thy lookes in awe:
Or if thou hand to hand ſhalt play at dice, *Looſe to her at game*
At tables or at cheſſe by ſome deuice,
Let her depart a Conquerour elſe 'twere ſinne,
What gladly thou wouldſt looſe, that let her win.
Let thy officious hand then beare her fan. (man *Beare her fanne.*
When thou ſhalt chance her through the ſtreets to
Make thy ſupporting arme to hers a ſtay,
Through throngs and preſſes vſher her the way.
As ſhe aſcends her bed let her a ſtaire.
By which to climbe and every thing prepare:
That ſhe may ſee them done without offence,
Reach thou her pantofles or take them thence.
And ſtanding by to watch her while ſhe reſts,
Warme thy cold hands betwixt her panting breaſts
Nor thinke it baſe, 'twill pleaſe though thou be baſe,
To hold the glaſſe vnto thy Miſtris face. *Hercules*
He that deſeru'd within thoſe heauen to tarry:
Which he before vpon his backe did carry.

Performing

Performing more then *Iuno* could command him
So wrong, that no fierce mõſter could withſtãd him
Euen he *Al ides Iolet*. Grace to win.
Shapt like a woman did both card and ſpin.
Go thou, and in his ſeruill place proceed,
And gaine as faire a miſtris for thy meed:
Art thou inioyn'd at ſuch an hower to be,
In the great *Forum* where ſhe waites for thee.
Haſten thy weary ſteps and thank thy fate,
Come there betimes, depart not thence till late:
Bids ſhe thee go, all buſineſſe lay apart,
Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart.
Sups ſhe abroad, and wants ſhe one to attend her,
Backe to her lodging, it will not offend her:
To wait her at the ſame place in the porch.
And light her home directly with a torth:
Is ſhe in the Country, and commands thee come,
Haſt thou no coach vpon thy ten toes run.
Let neither winter blaſt, nor ſtormes of haile,
Nor the hot thirſtie dogſtarre let thee faile:
Shun neither heate nor cold but ſee thou g',
Though euery ſtep, thou treadſt knee deep in ſnow
Loue is a kinde of war, all ſuch depart,
As beare a timerous or a ſloathfull heart. (ons,
Nights, winters, long waies, watching griefe in mili-
Torments Loues ſouldiers in their foſt pauilions:
On cold ground thou muſt lie beare many a ſhowr
When the heauens open and the floudgates powr
So *Phœbus* when *Admetus* ſheepe he kept,
In a thatch cottage on the cold flower ſlept.
What *Phœbus* did, who may it not beſeeme,
Better then *Phœbus* of himſelfe eſteeme:
What mortall louer dare, then ſloth deſpiſe,
You that confirm'd and laſting loue deuiſe.

If at the outward gate a watch ſtand centry,
Or ſay the bolts or locks deny the entry: (crall,
Search ſome ſtrange paſſage, through a caſement
Or by a cord downe from the chimney fall.
Thee in her louing armes ſhe ſtraite will take,
Reioicing thou wouldſt hazard for her ſake:
Euery vaine feare and danger thou doſt proue,
Is a ſure pledge and token of thy loue:
Oft had *Leander* without *Hero* ſlept,
To find his loue into the ſea he leapt.
Thinke it no ſhame the fauour to deſerue,
Of euery Maid that doth thy Miſtris ſerue:
Salute them by their names in curteous ſort,
For theſe are they that can preferre thy ſport.
And more and more into their grace to grow,
Some trifling gifts on each of them beſtow:
Eſpecially regard her ſmiles or frownes.
Whoſe office is to bruſh her Miſtris gownes:
To her make meanes, for ſhe is groome porter,
Both to her bed, and ſuch as do reſort her:
Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee ſend her,
I meane thy loue, but knacks of value ſlender:
As when the orchard boughes are clad with fruite,
In ſome choice diſh from thence commend thy ſuite
And let the little page that beares them lay,
Though thou perhaps haſt bought them by the way
Theſe pears, or plums, or graps which I preſent you
As his firſt fruites were by Miſtris ſent you.
Or be they hazell nuts, or cheſenuts great,
Euen ſuch as *Amarillis* lou'd to eate.
Or a young *Turkie*, theſe will ſhew thy hart.
Theſe gifts ſend freely, lay thy gold apart:
Such preſents neuer bring men to diſpaire,
To vntimely age, or to tormenting care.

Hazard for her.

To vſe her maides.

What gifts to ſend her.

O let them amongſt others rot and periſh.
That hate mens perſon, and their prelence cheriſh.
Send her verſes. What ſhall I bid thee ſend her, mcerred rimes.
Alas, they find ſmall honour in theſe times,
Verſes they praiſe, but gold they moſt require,
If rich, though barbarous he commands deſire:
This is the golden age: not that of old,
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muſes in the traine,
Yet without gold he may retire again:
Some girles their be but they be paſſing few,
Worthy to rancke amongſt that learned crew.
Others vnlearned there are yet would be held,
As if in skill in iudgement they excel'd:
Both let thy verſes praiſe, and in a ſtile,
Of ſweeteſt poſie their worthes compile:
Note. Perhaps thy laboured lines they may eſteeme:
And like a ſlight gift thy ſweet verſes ſeeme.
What thou intend'ſt to do by ſome fine feate,
Cauſe of thy Lady may of thee entreat.
Art thou by couenant tide, and muſt it be,
That thou of force muſt ſet thy ſeruant free:
Contriue it ſo, that if ſhe dare proteſt,
Thou hadſt not freed him but at her requeſt.
Art thou for any raſh offence aſſwag'd,
So make thy peace, that ſhe may be ingag'd:
Do as thy profit leades thee and yet ſo,
That ſhe for euery thing thou doſt may owe.
Praiſe her attire. And thou that haſt attain'd by paſſions deepe,
Thy Ladies grace and wouldſt her fauour keepe.
Make her beleeue ſtill when thou view'ſt her feature
Through all the world ſhe is the fineſt creature.
If cloth of *Tire* ſhe weare that habit laud,
Her *Tertiax* veſture with thy tongue applaud.

If

If ſilke which we from rich *Arabia* trafficke,
Sweare ſuch attire cannot be found through *Affricke*
If cloth of gold ſhe weare, tuſh gold is baſe,
If you compare her habit to her face:
If in the cold ſhe but a freeze gowne weare,
Then her perfection makes that garment deare.
Is ſhe compleatly dreſt, and rapt with joy?
Cry out aloud my heart burnes bright as *Troy*.
Doth ſhe aboue her forehead part her haire?
That louely ſceene doth make her twice as faire.
Are her curld locks in careleſſe trefſes dangled? *Her dancing*
In theſe criſpe knots thy heart muſt be intangled. *Her voice.*
If ſhe doth dance, admire her actiue feet,
If ſing then wonder at her voice ſo ſweet.
But when ſhe ceaſeth, either then complaine,
Intreating her to try her skill againe,
Do this and were her heart as hard as braſſe,
Or more obdurate then *Medufaes* was,
Yet ſhe in time ſhall be compeld to yeeld,
And thou depart a Conqueror from the field:
Onely beware of too apparent flattery,
It will deſtroy the ſiedge and tedious battery.
Diſſembling with Art, tempered much imports,
Elſe from all future credit it debarts:
In Autumne when the yeare is in his pride,
And the grape full with wine red's on the ſide.
When the cleare aire keeps a deuided ſeate,
Affording ſometimes cold and ſometimes heate.
Women are prone to loue healthfull and quicke,
But if by chance thy Lady be ſalne ſicke,
Make both thy loue, zeale, faith, & all things cheap,
Then ſow what with full ſickle thou maieſt reape,
Caſt all about her longing thoughts to pleaſe,
Seeme nor as if thou lotheſt her diſeaſe:

Imploy

Imploy thy hand in each thing done to her,
Theſe offices euen of themſelues will woe her.
Let her behold thee weepe as thou ſtands by
That ſhe may drinke each teare falls from thy eie.
Vow manie things, but all in publicke ſtile
Tell her thy pleaſing dreames ſoe make her ſmile.
And let the trembling nurſe thought fit to watch,
Bring in her ſhaking hand a kindled match:
Let her peruſe the bed and make it ſoft,
Whilſt with thy hand thou turnſt & rearſt her oft:
Theſe are the eaſie footſteps thou maiſt tread,
Which haue made way to manie a wanton bed:
No ſuch faire offices can with hate be ſtained,
Rather by theſe affection is ſoone gained.
But miniſter no drugs of bitter iuice,
Such let the rituall temper to his vſe.
Now greater guſts muſt to my Barke giue motion,
Being from the ſhoare launcht forth into th'ocean.
Young loue at firſt is weake and craues forbearing
But in continuance gathers ſtrength by wearing:
Yon moodie bull of whom thou art afraid
Being but a calfe thou with his hornes haſt plaid.
That tree beneath whoſe branches thou doſt ſtand
To ſheeld thee from a ſtorme was once a wand:
A Riuer at the firſt not once a ſtride,
Increaſeth as he runs his waters wide,
Receiuing in freſh brookes in diuers ranks,
Till he in pride haue overflowne his bankes,
Vſe to conuerſe with her, ſhe ſpeeder knowes,
What ſtrength from cuſtom & acquaintance growes
Frequent her often, be from her ſeld away,
Keepe in her care and eie both night and day,
And yet ſometimes from theſe thou maiſt deſiſt,
'Tis good one ſhould be asked for being miſt

Be

Be abſent from her ſome conuenient ſeaſon,
And let her reſt a while it is but reaſon. *Be abſent from her.*
The field being ſpar'd returnes vs treble gaine,
After great drough, the earth carrouſes raine;
Phillis did loue *Demophoon* but not doate,
Vntill ſhe ſaw his flying ſhip a floate.
Penelope her abſent Lord did mourne, *Wiſes.*
So *Laodemia* did till the returne,
Of her deare ſpouſe but be not long away,
Cares periſht new loue enters by delay.
When *Menelaus* from his houſe is gone,
Poore *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone:
And to allay theſe feares lodg'd in her breaſt,
In her warme boſome ſhe receiues her gueſt.
What madneſſe was it *Menelaus* ſay,
Thou art abroad whilſt in thy houſe doth ſtay,
Vnder the ſelfeſame roofe thy gueſt and Loue,
Madman vnto the Hawke to turne the Doue.
And who but ſuch a gull would giue to keepe,
Vnto the mountaine wolfe full folds of ſheepe,
Hellen is blameleſſe, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou or I my ſelfe would do.
The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,
By limitting theſe louers time and place,
From thee the ſeed of all thy wrongs are growne,
Whoſe counſell hath ſhe followed but thy owne.
Alas what ſhould ſhe do, abroad thou art,
At home thou leau'ſt thy gueſt to play thy part:
To lie alone the poore wench is afraid,
In the next roome an amorous ſtranger laid,
Her armes are open to embrace him he falls in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy ſinne:
Neither the briſled Boare in his fierce wrath, *Womans rage.*
Torne by the rauenous dogs more anger hath.

Nor

Nor the ſhe Lion hid within ſome ake,
Seeking her loſt whelpe, hid within ſome brake,
Nor the ſhort Viper doth more anger threaten,
Whom ſome vnwarie heele hath cruſht and beaten.
Then a fierce woman ſhewes her ſelfe in mind,
Her deareſt in adulterous armes to find.
Oh then ſhe ſwells, her fierd eie bures apace,
And you may ſee her thoughes writ in her face:
Through ſwordes, through flames ſhe ruſhes, there's
So grieuous but ſhe acts it with her will: (no ill.
This breakes all mutuall loue though well com-
pounded,
This deſtroies all, though nere ſo firmelie groun-
ded.
Medea did her husbands guilt repaire.
And with her bloudie hand *Abſiretis* ſlay.
Yon Swallow which thou ſeeſt wa ſuch another,
Before her transformation a fierce mother:
And that he deeds may yet be vnderſtood:
The feathers of her breaſt were ſtaind with bloud
But for all this I taske not thy affection,
Of one, and her alone to make election:
You Gods defend the fords ſhould proue ſo deepe
Thoſe married men haue much adoe to keepe.
Play you the wantons, but being done conceale it
And by no brags or fooliſh boaſts reueale it.
Meete at no certaine houre, giue no knowne gift,
Thy vſuall place of meeting often ſhift:
It may be ſhroud diſturbers ſome may ſend thee,
And ſpiall, may be ſet to apprehend thee,
And when thou writeſt peruſe thy letter firſt,
Before thou ſend ſome, take things at the worſt.
Venus being wrong'd, maks war ſtill mouing ſorro
Who late from others griefe their mirth did borro
Whil

Whilſt *Agamemnon* liu'd with one contented,
His Wife was chaſt and neuer it repented:
His ſecret blows her heart did ſo prouoke,
Wanting a ſword ſhe with the ſcabbard ſtroke,
She heares of *Chirſes* and the many iares,
About *Liriueſis* to increaſe the warrs:
And therfore meer reuenge the Lady charmes,
To take *Thieſtes* in her amourous armes.
If when thou haſt gone on thy nightly arrant,
The act by circumſtance peares too apparant:
Deny it ſtedfaſtly, what ere they know,
And boldly face them that it was not ſo:
Be not ſo ſad or oft too mirthfull cheare.
Leaſt in thy countenance thy deeds appeare:
In thy cloſe meetings vſe thy nimble knee,
It may perhaps a bould intruder be.
And after ſo repulſed ſcale the fort,
But venture not too rathly on thy ſport:
Many there be by whoſe vnskilfull motions,
You are preſcrib'd ſtrang drugs and diuers potions
To make you luſtie they are poyſons all,
To infect the body and inflame the gall.
Pepper with biting nettle ſeed they mixe,
Of baſtard pellitory ſome few ſticks:
Which beaten and in old wine drunk vp cleare,
Makes ſpightfull men aloft their ſtandards beare.
The Goddeſſe that beneath high *Eryx* raignes
Vnto her pleaſure no ſuch bloud conſtraines: *Venus.*
White skallions brought you from *Megera* eate,
With garden ſage make tallets to thy meate.
Take new laid eggs, freſh hony from the Bees.
Pine apple nuts full ripe, eate ſuch as theſe: (gicke,
This holeſome fare breeds nought, corrupt or ma-
What hath my Art to do with hellish Magicke.

Thou that but now, wast bid thy guilt to hide,
Turnes from that course, boast and in it take pride
Nor blame the lightnesse of thy Tutors mind,
You see we do not saile still with one wind,
Sometimes the East, and when his fury failes:
West, North and South by turn doth fill our sailes
The Chariot driuer sometimes slakes his raines,
Sometimes againe horses he restraines.
Many there be which calmes much doth blind,
And if the finde a riuall grow vnkind:
Prosperity makes humane minds grow ranck,
Themselues to know, or their great God to thank,
Nor is it held an easie taske to find,
Men that all fortunes beare with equall mind.
As fire, his strength being wasted hides his head,
In the white ashes sleeping though not dead.
And when a suddaine blast doth come by chance,
Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance.
So when with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt
Loue must be quickened euen as fire is wont.
Make her to feare and to looke pale sometime,
By shewing her some instance of thy crime:
Which she suspected erst in some strange vaines,
Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complaines.
No sooner the report of this assailes her,
But colour, voice, and euery sence strait failes her
Then I am he whose face she madly feares,
Whom she desire to haue straight by the eares.
Hate me she must and yet good God she may not,
Without me liue she will (alas) but cannot,
Dwell not vpon this passion, but at length.
Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength:
By this her white neck with thy arms imbrace,
Drying the tears that trickle downe her face,

Kisse

Kisse her yet weeping, her yet weeping show.
All the proud sweets the Queen of loue doth know
This makes true concord in her greatest rage,
These sports alone her passion can aswage.
Peace goes vnarmd & knows not warlicke fashions
This happy peace is knowne among all Nations:
Doues by their nobring songs shew their good wils
But now they fought, & now they ioyne their bills,
The first confused Masse no order knew,
Earth Sea and Heauen, had all one face, one hew:
Strait was the heauens the earths large couering
The shore guirt in the Sea not to inuade, (made
Either in others bounds then *thars* ceast,
And each thing in their seuerall part increast:
The woods receiue the beasts, aire the birds take,
Fish the Sea choose and the land forsake,
Man wanders in the field and knows no art,
Meare strength his body rules, meare lust his hart,
Grous were his cities, shadowed bows his dwelling
Water his drink all other drinks excelling,
And long it was ere man the woman knew,
Till pleasure did their appetites pursue,
And then vpon these vnknown sweets she venterd
Where many an vnsacke sort was scald and enterd
Art they had none, no man then plaid the Sutor,
But lay with her and lik'd without a tutor:
Euen so one bird doth with another toy.
And the male fish doth with the female ioy.
The Hart the Doe doth follow, serpents to
Are with the serpents held their feat to do:
The hounds in their adulterate parts were fast.
The ioyfull Ewe receiues the Ram at last.
The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,
And the ranke he Goate finds the female trull.

The Mare to try the valiant horses courage
Swims ouer fords, and doth large pastures forrage
To thy offended loue giue this strong potion,
And perfect friendship strait succeeds the motion.
This medicine rightly took all hate expels,
Apply it then others it far excels,
As I was writing, loe the God of fire,
Appeares, and with his thombe he stroke his lire.
In his right hand a branch of Lawrell grew,
A Lawrell chaplet I might likewise view,
Circle his brow, though all men do not know it,
This showes the Sunnes God *Phœbus* is a Poet.
Who after mouing of his head thus spake
Mistris of Loue, thy amorous Schollers take,
And lead them to my temple built on high,
There is an old Sunne knowne in euery skie.
Which by his Characts doth plainly show
That euery man must learne himselfe to know:
Alone he wisely loues that can do so.
He that is faire may shew his amorous face,
Whose skinne is white to do his colour grace.
Ly naked with his necke and shoulders bare,
Let him shun silence, whose discourse is rare.
He that sings, sing by art, that drinks drink to,
By art and without cunning nothing do.
Let not the learnd in their words declame,
Nor the vaine Poet prate of his owne fame.
So *Phœbus* warnes, *Phœbus* himselfe hath said it.
And his braue words are worthy to haue credit,
To come more neare the Louer that loues wisely,
If these my precepts he obserue precisely:
Shal reach his wish, th'earth brings not still increase
Ships when the winds keep in, their course do cease.

Few

Few be our helpes, but many be our troubles,
Small is our furtherance which our let ſtill doubles
A Louer muſt endure much griefe beſides,
For euery Hare in *Æthe* that abides.
For euery berry that the Olive yeelds,
For euery ſpike of graſſe ſprong in the fields:
For euery ſhell ſtrowed on the ſalt ſea ſhore,
Loue hath one grief to taſt, and ten griefs more.
Art told that ſhe abroad, but now did wander,
Yet in the window ſeeſt her with her Pander.
Blame thou thine eies, for it ſhall much auaile thee
Think not that newes, but that thy eie-ſight fail'd thee,
Locks ſhe the doore ſhe promiſed to leaue open.
O thinke not ſhe deceitfully hath ſpoken.
Take vp thy lodging make thy bed thy floore,
Thy pillow the cold threſhold of the doore:
Perhaps a Maide from high may caſt a ſlout,
And aske what's he doth keep the gates without.
Yet both the Maide and rude poſts do thou flatter,
Sprinkling the ſeats and portalls with roſe water.
If ſhe call come if bid thee go, then trudge.
Railes ſhe vpon thee, doth ſhe call thee drudge:
Nay doth ſhe knocke thee, beare it, it is meete,
Nor ſcorne it though ſhe bid thee kiſſe her feete:
I dwell on trifles, greater matters heare,
To which thou people lend a generall eare:
On ſtricter impoſitions now we enter.
Vertue is ſtill imployed no hard aduenter.
A riuall brooke do this, and by *Ioues* power,
Thou art inthrong'd a Conqueroure in his towre,
Oh thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,
Some rough hew'd oake doth this hard doctrine preach.

This is the hardest thing I can impose thee,
If she desire beare it, if she showes thee
Her hand; forbeare to read it euery day,
When she calls come, when she commãds thee stay
This euen the married to lead peacefull liues,
Art oft enforc'd to endure of their faire wiues.
I am not perfect I must needs confesse,
In this my art, though I this art professe,
What shall I then my word I cannot keepe,
I haue no power to swim a sea so deepe,
Shall any kisse my Lady I being by:
And to his throat shall I not madly fly.
Shall any becken to her and I beare it,
Shall any court her and I stand to heare it
I saw one kisse my Mistris I complained,
And anger all my vitall spirits constrained.
My loue alas with Barbarisme abound,
And doth my wits and spirits whole confound:
That Wittoll is much better skild then I,
Who sees such sights, and patiently stands by.
To keepe the room where such things are in place,
Despoiles the front of shamefastnesse and grace:
Then oh you young men though you come to view
Your looks beguile you, do not think it true
Against all censures I euer hold this plea,
It is not good to take them *Res* in *Re*.
Where two are taken napping both alike,
Their mutuall guilt makes them the oftner strike,
This tale through heauen is blazd how vnwars
Venus and *Mars* was taken in *Vulcan*, snares
The God of war doth in his brow discouer,
The perfect and true patterne of a Louer.
Nor could the Goddesse *Venus* be so cruell,
To deny *Mars*, soft kindesse is a Iewell.

urprise her
at.

he tale of
Venus and
Mars.

In

In any woman, and become her well,
In this the Queen of Loue doth moſt excell.
Oh God) how often haue they mockt and flouted,
The ſmiths polt-foot, which nothing the miſdoub-
Made ieſts by him and by his begri d trade, (teds
And his ſmudg'd viſage black with coleduſt made.
Mars tickled with loud laughter when he ſaw,
Venus like *Vulcan* limps, and halt, and draw,
One foot behinde another with a grace,
To counterfeit his odde and vneuen pace.
Their meeting firſt they did conceale with ſcare,
From euery ſearching eye and captiues eare.
The God of war and his laſciuious Dame,
In publicke view were full of baſhfull ſhame.
But the Sunne ſpies how this ſweet paire agree,
Oh that bright *Phœbus* can be hid from thee.
The Sunne both ſees and blabs the ſight forthwith
And in all poſt he ſpeeds to tell the Smith.
Oh Sunne what bad example doſt thou ſhow,
What thou in ſecret ſeeſt muſt all men know.
For ſilence ask a brib from her faire treaſure, (ſure
She'l grant thee that ſhal make thee ſwel with plea-
The god whoſe face is ſmudgd with ſmok and fire,
Placeth about the bed a net of wire.
So quietly made that it deceiues the eye,
Stait as he faines to *Lemnos* he muſt hie:
The louers meet where he the traine hath ſet,
And both lay caeht within the wiery net.
He calls the Gods, the louers naked ſpraule
And cannot riſe, the Queene of Loue ſhewes all.
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weepes, neither can flinch
Grappled they lye, in vain they kicke and winch:
Their legs are one within anothers ty'd,
Their hands ſo faſt that they can nothing hide.

Among theſe high ſpectators once by chance,
That ſaw them naked in this pitfall dance:
Thus to himſelfe ſaid, if that it tedious be,
Good God of warre beſtow thy place on me.
Scarce at thy prayers god *Neptune* he vnbound thé
But would haue left thé as the gods ſher found thé
The nets vntide, *Mars* ſtrait repaires to *Creet*,
Venus to *Paptes*, after that they meet.
What did this help thee *Vulcan*, ſtrall I tell thee,
Vnto more griefe and rage it will compell thee:
The publicke meeting which at firſt ſhame couers
Is now made free; who knowes not they be louers.
There is no hope they ſhould be now reclam'd,
Worſe then they haue been, how ſhould they be
Of thy raſh deed it often doth repent thee, (tham'd
Mad art thou in thy mind, yet muſt content thee:
This I forbid you ſo doth *Venus* too,
It harm'd her, and ſhe forwarnes it you.
Lay for thy riuall then no ſecret ſnares,
Nor intercept his tokens vnawares:
Let thoſe cloſe prancks by ſuch iuſt men be tride,
That are by fire and water purifide.
Behold once more I giue you all to know,
Saue wanton loues my art doth nothing ſhow:
No gouern'd Matron well and chaſtly guided,
I here proteſt is in my verſe deſided.
What prophane man at *Ceres* rites dare ſmile,
Or blab her ſecrets kept in *Samos* Ile.
Silence is held a vertue, ſilence then,
Tels taile and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates ſuch men:
For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell.
And there muſt euer and for euer dwell.
Hungry, whilſt ripened fruit hangs by his lip,
Thirſty, whilſt water by his chin doth ſlip:

But *Venus* more deſires then any other,
Her ſecret miſteries and rights to ſmother.
I charge you let no tell-tales hither come,
Such amongſt manie there muſt needs be ſome:
Hide her reports from euerie eare that liſts,
And locke her ſecrets vp in brazen cheſts.
In their new birth, till pleaſures buried lie,
Twixt vs they grow, betwixt vs let them die.
Her naked parts, if ſhe to any ſhowes,
Her readieſt hand to ſhadow them ſhe throwes,
The ſhameleſſe beaſts in common field do ſtray,
And act their generation at noone day.
Which Maides by chance eſpying, cry oh ſpight,
And through their fingers looke to ſee the ſight.
But when our Louer with his miſtris meete,
Haue beds & doores ſhut twixt them and the ſtreete
With clothes & vailes their nakednes they ſhroud
Wiſhing the bright Sunne hid behind ſome cloud.
Euen in thoſe daies when men on Acorns fed,
And the greene turfe was made the generall bed:
When no thatcht cottage or poore houſe was buil-
ded.
By which from heate of cold they might be ſhiel-
ded.
Into the woods and caues the people went:
And their ſweet pleaſures there remotely ſpent.
In the Sunnes preſence they ſhew'd nothing bare.
The rudeſt and moſt barbarous had his care.
As loath the day ſhould view their publick ſhames,
Now to their nightly actions they giue names,
Bargaines and price is made in all their doings,
And nothings coſts vs dearer then our wooings.
Let not thy talke be when thou com'ſt in place,
To ſay ſhe, this, or that wench did me grace *Noath.*

Or

Or point then with thy finger, it may fall
Thus thou maiſt looſe her whom thou loueſt & all
Others there be from ſtreet to ſtreet do wander,
And innocent women in their ſhops do ſlander.
Forging of them they know not many a lye,
Which were they true t.. ..dly would deny:
For who command not they their ſpoile is ſuch,
Whoſe breaſt they cannot fold their nams the tuc
Go then thou odious Pander that keeps whores,
A thouſand locks hang faſt vpon thy doores:
Part of her honeſt canſt thou keepe within,
When her whole name abroad is full of ſinne;
Do not their wanton wiſhes make them nought,
When they deſire to be as they are thought:
Neceſſary obſeruations in a louer.
Sincereſt Loues we ſparingly do teach,
Yet like no publicke craft their names impeach,
Diſſemble euery fault in their complections,
Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections.
I wiſh you rather ſmother them, then blame them,
They loue if you praiſe them, hate if ſhame them:
Andromeda was belly ſides and backe.
To *Perſeus* ſeen, he did not tearme her blacke.
Andromeda ſhe was of to huge a ſtature,
One louing *Hector* praiſ'd her gifts of nature:
And lik'd her ſelfe, at the firſt deſpiſed.
Seem not ſo groſſe when men be well aduiſed.
Continuance and acquaintance wears away.
Such ſpots as are apparant the firſt day:
A young plant clothed in a tender rinde,
Cannot withſtand the fury of the winde,
But when his bark is growne, he ſcorns each blaſt,
In ſpight of whom he grows and bears at laſt
Euery ſucceeding week and following day,
Takes from acquainted lookes a ſtaine away.

And

nd what to day a groſse blot thou wouldſt gueſſe
o morrow in thy eye appeare much leſs.
oung Heifers cannot be tide to beare,
he ranke and luſtie Bull for the firſt yeare
ut their ſociety acquaints the ſmell,
fter continuance they can brooke it well.
hen fauour their diſgraces and relieue them,
emiſhes helpe by the good names you giue them
o her whoſe ſkin is blake as *Ebon* was.
haue ſaid ere now, Oh 'tis a good browne laſſe.
r if ſhe look a ſquint, as I am true,
o *Venus* looks if ſhe be black of hew,
ale for the world like *Pallas* be the growne:
ellow by heauens *Minerua* vp and downe:
ſhe be tall then for her height commend her,
he that is leane like Enuie terme her ſlender:
he that is dwarfiſh name her light and quick,
nd call her well ſet grubbed thick,
he that is puſt like *Eolus* in the cheek,
but full fac'd, and *Daphne* ſhe is like:
hus qualifie their faults, not to diſgrace them,
ut in a higher rank of beautie place them:
r hapneſt thou of but one dimme of ſight,
rinckled her brow, her griſled haire tur'nd white
er noſe and chin haſte meet ſhe would take ſcorn
o tell who Counſell was when ſhe was borne.
hen if to ſuch thy loue thou wilt engage,
ooke that at no time thou doſt aske her age.
hough ſhe wants teeth and haue a flattering tong
et ſhe takes paines to be counted young,
his is the age young men that brings the gaines
nd plenteous harveſt of the ſpringtides paine,
nploy your ſelues then in your youth & ſtrength,
ge with a ſoft ſpace ſteales on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou the youth at Sea or till the land,
Or take a warlicke weapon in thy hand:
Follow the wars, ſiege townes, or lye in trenche
Or if not ſo, then learn to loue faire wenches.
It is a warfare too, when men are trained,
And euen by this employment wealth is gained:
Such diſcipline, ſuch practiſe muſt be vſed
By vs, as thoſe who hoſtile armes haue chuſed.
Some women by their induſtry and paines,
The loſſe of yeares recouers and regaines:
Times ſpeedy courſe is by their art controld,
They can preferre themſelues from ſeeming old,
Their amorous paſtimes and laſciuious playes,
They ſhape and faſhion many thouſand wayes:
With ſundry pleaſures they their trade commixe,
And euery ſeuerall day deuiſe new tricks
They can prouoke the appetite and pleaſe it,
Coniure the ſpirit vp and ſtraite appeaſe it:
But theſe rich feaſts of ſweets which they prepare
Women and men ſhould both of euen hands ſhare
I hate the bed that yeelds not mutuall ioyes,
And thats the cauſe I loue not nugling boyes:
I hate her denies that no ſpirit will vſe,
Yeelding no more then what ſhe cannot chuſe.
I like not pleaſure, though I like the beautie,
Laſſes of Loue performe not but of duty:
Duty away, I baniſh thee the place,
Where mutuall Louers mutuall ſweets embrace,
Let me the muſicke of her ſoft voice heare,
Whiſpering her rauiſht pleaſures in my eare,
To bid me on, then pauſe, proceed, then ſtay,
And tired with that, to try ſome other way,
Let me behold her eyes turne vp the whites,
Now to be rapt, now languiſh in delights.

Theſe prodig all pleaſures nature hath not giuen,
To the firſt age a little aboue ſeauen.
The wine that from the vnripe grape is preſt,
Is tart, and ſower, the mellow wine taſts beſt:
The palme tree till it hath a well growne rinde,
Cannot withſtand the violence of the winde.
The mead new mowne doth pricke the feet that's bare
Igrant thee young *Hermione* was faire: (bare
But to preferre the girle before the mother,
The beautious *Helen* neither one nor other
Can ſo blaſpheme, heres *Gorge* ſome adorer her:
But who praiſe her before the Saint that bore her
Now I ſuppoſe ripe fruites I moſt approue,
And in my thoughts I couer mellowed loue.
Yon bed new toſt, behold where it diſcouers,
The curtaines being drawne to wanton louers:
There ſtay my muſe, no further now proceed,
Without thy help they both can ſpeak and ſpeed.
Without thy help kind words will quickly paſſe,
Betwixt the Louer and his amorous Laſſe:
Without thy help their hands will nimble creep,
And in each ticklish place their office keep.
Nay euery finger will it ſelfe imploy.
To adde increaſe to thy imperfect ioy: (hide,
Handling thoſe parts where loue his darts doth
This valiant *Hector* with his wife hath tride:
Andromache to this of force muſt yeeld,
His vallour was not onely for the field:
This ſtout *Achilles* of his loue deſired,
When with the ſlaughter of his enemies tired.
He daught his cuſhes and vnarm'd his head:
To tumble with her on a downe ſoft bed,
Thou didſt reioyce *Briſeis* to embrace,
His bruiſed corpes, and kiſſe his blood ſtained face.

Theſe

These warlicke hand that did but late embrew,
Themselues in bloud of *Troians* whom they slew
Were now imploy'd to tickle touch and feele,
And shake a lance that hath no point of steele:
Beleeue me, for I speak as I haue tasted,
The sports of *Venus* are not to be hasted.
They should be rather by degrees prolonged:
By too much speed much oft the sport is wronged
When thou by chance hast hit vpon the place,
Which being toucht a while still hidds her face:
For bee not though she blush & spring & kicke,
And tumbling shew thee many a gamble tricke.
Thou shalt behold her straitely still amazed.
Her eyes with a lascivious tincture glazed
Affording a strange kinde of humide light,
As when the Moone in water shines by night.
Let neither amorous words cease their inchanting
Murmure nor whispering sounds of loues wanting
Yea their let euery sweet content resort,
Euery word, deed and thought that furthers sport
Let not thy Mistris vse to swift a saile,
Nor let thy hast beyond her speed preuaile:
Both keep one course, your cares together strike,
Your iourneys on them, make your pace alike.
Together striue at once win to the marke,
You may no question grope it in the darke
Then is the fulnesse of all sweet content,
When both at once striue both at once are spent
Such course obserue when as the time is free:
And that no iealous eyes attend on thee:
Being secure no future danger neare
Then thou maist boldly dally without feare
But if thou beest not safe, and hast short leasure,
Doubtfull to be disturbd amidst thy pleasure,

Make

Make then what ſpeed thou canſt, riſe all thy force
And clap a ſharpe ſpurre to a iade pack horſe:
My worke is at an end the palme bring me,
And let the Mirtle garland be my fee
How much renowned great *Pollidorus* was,
That all the *Greeks* in Phiſick did ſurpaſſe,
As famous as great *Neſtor* for his age,
Or ſtrong *Achilles* for his warlike rage.
As much extold as *Calchas* for his charmes,
Or *Telemonius Aiax* by his armes:
As for his Chariot skill *Antomedon*,
So great in Loue ſhall I be cenſur'd on.
Cannonize me your Poet, giue me praiſe,
And crowne my Temples with freſh wreathes of bayes:
Let this my laud in euery mouth be ſong,
And my fame clanger though the whol earth rong
I giue you armour, ſuch god *Vulcan* framed,
So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed.
And ſo do ye, but what ſoere he be,
That by my armes ſubdues his enemy:
This Motto let him giue, lo her's a Laſſe
By *Ouid* my *arts Maſter* conquered was:
Behold young *Wenches* likewiſe craue my skill
They ſhall be next inſtructed by my quill.

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greeke* to field is gone
To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:
Behold like weapons in my power remain.
For the *Penthisilea* and thy traine.
Go arm'd alike, fight and they ouercome,
Whom sacred *Venus* fauours and her sonne:
It were not meet poore naked girles should stand
To encounter men prouided hand to hand.
To conquer at such odds 'twere shame for men,
Oh but some say, why *Ouid* should they pen:
Put poyson into snakes, or giue to keepe,
Vnto the rauenous Woolfe a fould of sheep,
Oh for some few offenders do not blame,
All of their Sexe, let not a generall shame:
For some few talters their whole brood inherit,
But euery one be censured as they merit.
Although the two *Atrides* hath their liues,
Endangered both by falshood of their wiues:
Though false *Eriphile* her husband sould,
To *Polinyces* for a chaine of gould:
Yet did the faire *Penelope* liue chast,
While twice fiue yeares her royall Lord did wast

In bloudie battels and as many more,
Wandring through euery sea and vnknowne shore
So did the chast *Phillacides* and she,
That partner of her husbands griefe to be,
Went with him as his page a tedious way;
And in the trauell died before her day:
Oh happy *Phereides* thy wife.
From death redeemed thee with her owne life:
Receiue me oh you flames did *Iphias* cry,
And with my buried husband let me die,
And with that word she skips into the fire,
All faire endowments that we can desire.
Raigne in a womans breast no maruele then.
They with adorned vertues please vs men:
But these chast minde any art inioyneth not,
A softer saile will serue to guide my boate:
Nothing but wanton loue flowes from my braines,
How pretty wenches may scape men traines:
A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
But through them both: vnto her sweet heart runne
So will not men, poore girles by them are scorn'd,
Many times men faile, maides sometimes, not oft:
False *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes:
To claspe another Mistris in his armes.
As much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay.
So right *Ariadne* was a wofull pray:
To the Sea fowles and Monsters left alone,
In a remote place friendlesse and vnknowne.
Many vncertaine waies hath *Phillis* gone,
Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*.
And though *Æneas* had no sirname good,
He left his sword to let out *Didos* bloud:
But what destroy you Ladies can you tell,
You know not how to loue or fashion well,

Your thoughts] to art, Loue artles ſtands vnſure,
Art with loue tempered is ſtrong to endure:
Nor ſhould you know it now, but that the Queene
Of ſacred Loue was in my viſion ſeene:
And ſtraitly charg'd me that I ſhould impart.
To all the Sex the ſecret of my art.
For thus ſhe ſpake how haue poore maides miſdone
That againſt armed men muſt naked run.
Two books haue giuen men weapons in their hands
The whileſt our fearefull Sex vnarmed ſtands:
He that rebuk'd *Therapites* lewd deſire,
Since ſong her praiſes to a ſweeter lire:
Thy ſelfe examine, canſt thou do them domage,
To whom in time thou maiſt perform due homage
This hauing ſaid ſhe tooke from off her brow,
A mirtle wreath, for in a mirtle bow,
Her haire was twiſted vp and gaue to me,
Of leaues and ſeeds a little quantitie.
Strait in my braine I felt a power diuine,
Whilſt in the place a purer aire did ſhine,
And all the cares that hung vpon my heart,
Euen at that inſtant I might feele depart.
My wits at ripeſt, are wenches come thicke,
Receiue my precepts whilſt my wits are quicke:
Firſt thinke how old age hourely doth attend:
To ſteale vpon thee ſo be ſure to ſpend.
No ſeaſon idly, thou art young then play,
Yeares like the runing waters glide away
Thou canſt not ſtay the flouds it ſtreames ſo faſt,
Nor pull the houres backe when they are paſt;
Make vſe of time for time is ſwift and fleet,
Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet:
As the firſt pleaſure was, haue I not ſeene,
This now a withered ſtalke once freſh and greene:

From

From that bare throwne within theſe many howers
I had a chaplet of ſweet ſmelling flowers:
The time ſhall come when thou that doſt exclude,
Such louers from thy doores as would intrude,
Shall on an empty pillow through thy head,
Stretching thy ſtiffe limmes on a froſtie bed:
Nor in the night ſhalt thou be raiſ'd vp late
By ſuch as knock and thunder at the gate.
Nor in the morning when the cocke hath crowed,
Find porch and threſhod. with freſh roſes ſtrowed:
Time how ſoone doth the cleare coulour fade,
How quickly wrincles in thy ſkin are made.
Looke on thy looke and thou wilt ſadly ſweare,
Age hath too ſoone ſnowed on thy golden haire:
Snakes through their age of when they chang their
skinne,
Harts when they caſt their heads freſh ſtrength
begin:
And's giuen to them, when that in age ye grow
Ye haue no heads to caſt no ſkins to throw,
Your good flies helples, therefore pluck the flower
Which being gathered withers in an hower:
In many childe birth age is quickly crept,
Fields ſoone grow leane, that ſo often reapt.
You ſee *Endimion* by the Moone lou'd ſtill,
Nor doth ſhe bluſh thereat and by thy will:
Aurora thou would euer haue the name,
Of *Cephalus* thy deare, nor thinkſt it ſhame.
And to conceale thee *Adonire* whoſe hearſe
Venus her ſelfe hung many a tragicke verſe,
Tell vs by whom you Queen-borne of the ſea.
Had you *Æneas* and *Hermione*.
Oh mortall generation follow theſe.
And practiſe after them being goddeſſes:

Do not deny your rauiſhing pleaſures when,
They are beſought you by deſirous men.
Tell me what looſe you by it, what thou haſt,
Thou art poſſeſt of ſtill, and feelſt no waſt:
Take thence a thouſand ſweets be not affraid,
Thou keepeſt thy owne, and nothing is decai'd.
Stones are by vſe made ſoft, iron worne to droſſe
That neuer weares and therfore endes no loſſe:
Who will deny vs at a torch being light,
To light a taper till it burne as bright.
Or who would ſtriue in their owne power to keepe
All the ſpare billowes in the vaſtie deepe:
Yet will a woman pleade her loue is rare,
And in her plenty ſhe hath nought to ſpare.
Oh tell me why ſo ſtrange a doubt thou mak'ſt,
Doſt thou but looſe the water that thou takeſt:
I ſpeake not this to proſtrate every one,
But leſt you feare vaine loſſe where loſſe is none.
Now greater guſts my ſwelling ſaile muſt ſtraine,
Being from the ſhoare new lancht into the maine
Neatneſſe required in a woman.
Firſt with their neatnes I begin, the vine
Well trim'd and prunde affords vs choyſe of wine
And in a field well till'd the corne growes tall,
Shape is the gift of God, none amongſt you all,
But in there ſhapes take pride, nay there be many
Proud of their fauour when they ſcarce haue any.
Proportion euen the greateſt number want,
But rare ſupplies where nature hath been ſcant:
Care makes the face, the face a while neglected
Will grow to ruine, and be nought reſpected,
The Virgins of the old time had this care,
Their bodies and their beauties to repaire:
Elſe had the men of former ages ſpent,
Their yeares without their wonted ornament.

If

If you behold *Andromache* go clad,
In manly robes, no maruaile, for she had
A souldier to her husband, if you see
The wife of *Aiax* iet it valiantly,
Nor marvaile, for she was his wife that bare,
A shield of seauen oxe-heads thick tan'd with haire.
The world was plaine, simple, and rude of old,
But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with gold:
And shines in glory with the bright reflection,
All the worlds wealth is vnder their subiection:
Behold the Capitall and thou wilt say,
In these great *Ioue* hath choos'd to dwell for aye:
This gorgeous Court & Counsel house was framed
Out of meere stubble when king *Latius* raigned.
These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,
Did glitter and shine when they first begun:
A pasture for draught oxen: let them ease, (please
Their thoughts with ancient times whom old times
I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,
These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne.
Not because gold in the earths vaines are sought,
Or shels, or stones, frō forraigne shores are brought
Not because marble from the hills is dig'd,
Or voyage ships to vnknowne seas are rigd.
But because rudnesse to the gates is sent,
And this our age is full of ornament,
Hang in your eares bright stones, but not to deare
Such *Ladyes* cast vp and are sold you here:
Neatnesse we loue, your haire in order tie,
To keepe in within Law thy hands apply:
Thy hands misshape keeps still, and by her care,
Thou maist orecome, deformed or woundrous faire
Nor is there onely one kind of attire,
The fashion that becomes thee best desire,

Proue euery ſhape, but ere it current paſſe,
See thou before take counſell from thy Laſſe.
A long and leane viſage beſt allowes,
To haue the haire part iuſt aboue the browes:
So *Laodemeia* ſirnamed the faire,
Vſed when ſhe walk'd abroad to truſſe her haire.
A round plumpe face muſt haue her trammels tie
In a faſt knot aboue her front to hide:
The wier ſupporting it whilſt either eare:
Bare, and in ſight vpon each ſide appeare.
Yon Ladies locks about her ſhoulders fall,
And her looſe ware becomes her beſt of all:
So *Phœbus* look't when laſt he toucht his Lute,
That other Lady doth her habit ſuite,
With chaſt *Diana* being trickt to go,
To ſtrike the ſauage bore or tameleſs Roe.
She when her haire hangs looſe hath greateſt pride
This beſt becomes her when her locks are tyed:
Yon when her head tire is like a tortoiſe ſhell,
Is rooſt and vawted well beſeemes it well:
More leaues the Forreſt yeelds not from the trees,
More beaſts the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* bees:
Then there be faſhions of attire in view,
Euery ſucceeding day adds ſomthing new.
Many become their tires beſt when they wear e:
In ſtead of ſprucenes a neglected haire:
And being comb'd but now yet thou ſhalt ſay,
Her haire hath not been toucht ſince yeſterday.
Art doth much change, ſo did *Acides* ſee,
Iolattired, and ſaid this wench is for me,
So *Inoſſis* whom the god of grapes commended,
When by his ſhouting *Sa ires* being attended:
He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind ſhifted
With ſcatterred haire her to his coach he lifted.

How much oh nature are we bound to thee,
That findes for euery griefe a remedy.
And as our ſhapes and colour ſuffer croſſe,
Yet thou haſt in thee to repaire that loſſe.
Say that by age or ſome great ſicknes had,
Thy head with wonted haire be thinly clad:
Falling away like corne from ripened ſheaues,
As thicke as *Boreas* blowes downe *Autumn* leaues.
By *Germane* yearbes thou maiſt thy haire reſtore,
And hide the bare ſcalpe that was bald before.
Women haue knowne this art, and of their crew,
Many falſe colours buy to hide the true.
And multitudes, yea more then can be told,
Walke in ſuch haire as they haue bought for gold:
Haire as good Marchandize and growne a trade,
Markets and publicke trafficke thereof made.
Nor do they bluſh to cheapen it among,
The thickeſt number and the rudeſt throng.
Nay euen before *Alcides* ſacred flames,
And in the preſence of the veſtall Dames:
To leaue their haire, and ſpeake of their attire
I do not trailes or purfled guards deſire.
Nor roabes of bluſh ſcarlet prized hie,
Whoſe wooll is twice dipt in the *Tirian* dye:
Looke but abroad and thou maiſt in a trice,
Find lighter colours and of farre leſſe price.
Were it not madneſſe thou in ſcorne of lacke,
Should wear at once thy whole wealth on thy backe
Behold the colour of the azure aire,
When in a cloudles day the skie is faire:
And the South wind bring on the earth no ſhowers
As once it did what time one flow deuoures.
Phrixus and *Hellis*, ſuch a colour chuſe,
Tis neat, and chea pe, but coſtly dyes refuſe

To helpe the defects of nature.

That prettie colour intimates the waues,
And from their sea greene drops a name it craues
In this the young *Nymphes* went apparrl'd most,
This saffron immitates of no great cost,
And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
That euery morning decks faire *Phœbus* steeds
Else such a dye as *Paphian myrtles* yeeld,
Or purple *Amethistes* or a field:
Where nothing saue the milkewhite roses grow,
Or of that hew the *Thratian Cranes* do show
Let not faire *Amarilles* wanting be,
Thy ackhornes or thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,
All these of seuerall colours iuice be full.
And with the seuerall colours staine the woolle:
So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring,
In spight of winters horrid rage doth bring.
To decke the earth with full so many hues.
The thirstie earth doth drink and none refuse.
Mongst which faire women out of your affections,
Choose them that shall become best your complexions:
She that is browne let her attire be white,
Briseus ware a Robe of colour light.
When she was rauisht others that are faire,
Let their attires be black as *Sables* are,
Swarthie *Andromed* ware a milk white smocke,
When she was tied halfe naked the rocke.
Lest you be seene so let no ranknes grow,
Betwixt you armes and shoulders let none show,
Of rough and ragged haires there may appeare,
Vpon your legs and thighs but not to neare:
I do not teach young maids by *Cauease* bred:
Or such as drink of *Risus* but in sted
Of barbarous tuils to you braue girles of *Rome*,
Do I direct my phrase, and to your dome.

To follow their attire to their complexions.

I now inſtruct you then your teeth to ſet,
Leſt in their vſe ſome turdnes they do get:
To wrince your mouthes in water you haue wit,
To apprehend my words betimes to ſit.
And in the morning take away the ſlime,
Which makes the white teeth ſubiect to ſuch crime
Let ſuch whoſe blouds are blacke and ſwart.
Whom nature reds not, make them red by arts
Art likewiſe fills the wrinkles in the browes,
A skinne of died red leather art allowes,
To rub your faces with, nor hold it ſhame,
To kindle in your eyes a ſparke of flame,
It may be done with ſaffron, which like corne,
Grows near bright *Cyduas* wheras thou wert borne
I haue a little booke in ſubſtance ſmall,
And yet a worke of weight writ to you all.
The Treatiſe is vnto your generall races,
How you by art may beſt preſerue your faces:
You whoſe rare beauties haue receiu'd a ſcar,
Seeke thence your helps, receipts there written are
You may there find how to reſtore your blouds.
My art was neuer idle to your goods.
Beware leſt that by chance your boxes lye
Vpon the table, and your Loues paſſe by:
Throw them aſide, art ſpreads her faſeſt net,
When ſhe is with moſt cunning counterfet.
Spill not thy drugs alike in euery place,
They will offend ſuch as behold thy face,
Corrupting the beholder with ſuch motion,
As ſhould he ſee thy garments ſtand with lotion,
How doth the greaſie ſtranck woolls ſmell offend,
Though we for it as far as *Athens* ſend,
Yet is it good for vſe, not before men,
Vſe thou Dearcs marrow good for medicent

To keepe their teeth.

Cheekes.

Nor

Nor before men in preſence rub thy teeth,
They both are good, yet harſh to him that ſeeth,
Many things which in doing we deteſt,
Being once done they oft times pleaſe vs beſt:
Theſe ſtately pillars in iron caru'd and wrought,
Were a confuſed rocke, this ring now brought,
To that good forme, was once vnfaſhioned ore,
The coſtly cloth thou weareſt a rough ſheepe bore
The curious pifter of faire *Venus* was,
Before the cutting an vnpoliſht maſſe.
Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee ſleeping
Thy hand, thy boxe, thy glaſſe their office keeping:
Why ſhould I know how thou art grow̃e ſo faire,
Shut faſt the forge where beauties ioyned are.
For many things there be men ſhould not know,
The greateſt part of them if you ſhould ſhow.
They ſhould offend them much ſpare not to ſhroud
The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
The golden enſignes yender ſpreading fare,
Which waſts them to the gorgeous Theater:
See what thin leaues of gold foile guilde the wood,
Making the columes ſeeme all maſſie good:
Yet are the audience of all ſight debarred,
Untill the ſhowes and ſights be full prepared:
Note. So in thy preparation marke this note,
Still make thee ready in a place remote:
Obſerue this woman. Yet ſometimes if they head be wondrous faire,
Euen before men tis good to combe thy haire,
The haire a beauty hath which much beſots,
Being tyed and wreathed in pleats & comely knots,
But be not tedious in thy art applying,
Be quick both in the faſting and vntying:
Still when thou goeſt to dreſſe thy ſelfe be ſafe,
I hate thoſe ſullen pertiſh things that chafe

At

At euery idle croſſe, who ſcrath and bite,
And with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight:
Wounding themſelues in anger, rending, tearing,
The wires, the tires, the ruffes which they be wea-
She that is badly haired, let her before (ring,
She dreſſe her ſelfe; ſet watch ſtill at the doore,
Vpon the ſuddaine 'twas my chance one day,
To preſſe into the place where my ſweet hart lay:
When wondring ſhe vnwares was thruſt vpon,
Snatch vp her haire, and put the wrong ſide on.
Like cauſe of ſhame let come vnto my foe,
And ſuch diſgrace vnto the *Parthians* goe
A ſcalded breaſt, fields that no graſſe will beare,
Trees without leaues, and heads that haue no haire
Are odious to the eye none of you three,
Europa, *Leda*, or faire *Semele*.
Were ſubiect to his wants or me did need,
The helpe of Phyſicke in this point to reed:
Nor *Hellen* thou whom with aduiſement deepe:
Menelaus askes; the *Troians* ſtill doth keepe:
The wanton wenches in full troopes paſſe hither,
Good, bad, faire, foule, of all ſorts flocke together:
And come to be inſtructed amongſt which
Oft times the faire be poore the foule be rich.
And yet the faireſt haue of me leſt need,
Theirs beautie is a dower that doth exceed
My precepts farre, the ſea being calme and cleare,
The ſecure Seaman all his faikes may beare.
But when it ſwells and is diſturb'd apart,
The troubled Pilot muſt try all his art,
Of euery little mole be thou not ſqueamiſh,
'Tis hard to finde a face that hath no blemiſh.
Yet ſhalt thou ſeeke to hide the leaſt diſgrace,
Either in the proportion or thy face.

If

A lesson for Dwarfes.

If thou beest short thy stature hide by wit,
Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooke to sit.
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed:
Lest that thy stature there be measured:
Loue Dwarfes, obserue my words I hold it meet,
To haue some garment throwne vpon thy feet:

Remedy for them that be leane.

She that is wearish and no clothes can fill,
Her double plated gowne must sit by still.
To make her portly whilest a rose vnbound,
From her two shoulders falls vnto the ground,

Pale.

She that is pale, with purple staine her cheekes

Blacke.

She that is blacke the fish of *Pharoes* seekes.

Splay foote.

A splay mis hap on foote in white shoes hide
And let dryed legs were a rich garter tide:
Let such whose shoulder blades stand much in sight
Weare boulster'd gownes to make them seeme vp-right
About a faint and slender body weare.
A flannell swathband or warme stomacher,

To slender.

Such whose fat hands are itchy in the ioynt,

Scabbed hands.

Whē they discourse let them not vse to point,
You that haue stinking breathes must not speak fasting
But helpe themselues by some good breakfast taking

Stinking breathes.

Else chew a cloue the strength of it to breake,
Or keepe some distance of still when you speake:

Bad toothed.

Or if thy teeth in wide vneuen ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, black or too great in show:
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing shewes the teeth:
Who would beleeue this, wonder yet 'tis true,
Maides may be taught to laugh and to eschew
Vncomely mouthes and harsh tricks of the face,
In laughing is much vncomelines and grace:
Be moderate in thy flearing, there's a feate,
To be obserued in that make not to great.

The

The hallow pits mirth digs in euery cheeke,
To hide thy gummes let both thy red lips meete.
Nor do thou ſtretch thy entrailes by conſtraining,
Thy ſelfe vnto loud laughter nether fainings
A more familiar geſture with voice flat,
Sound out a womaniſh noiſe I know not what.
Looke but on them that with loud yalling force,
Anticke and peruerſe faces what ſhewes worſe:
And there is ſuch a coile with wry mouthes kept,
That whē they laugh, a man would ſwear they wept.
Many with vntun'd clamor hoarce and ſhrill,
Ball as the ſlow Aſſe bayes out of the mill,
What cannot art? women are taught to weepe, *How to weepe.*
And in their lookes a ſober forme to keepe:
To ſhape their eies according to their paſſion,
Both at what time they pleaſe, and in what faſhion
Is there not grace in liſping to be found, *How to liſpe.*
To giue true words a forced imperfect ſound:
Robbing the tongue his office in ſome part
Euen in deprauing words is ſometimes art.
Many that by my words my meaning learn,
Are taught to ſpeake leſſe perfect then they can.
Weigh theſe my words according to their worth,
And theſe being cond take other leſſons forth:
Learne how with womaniſh pace to vſe your gate, *To go.*
In euery ſtep there is a kinde of ſtate.
Nor is their ought that yet my art diſcouers,
Which with more violence drawes or drues backe
Behold you Ladies gate the reſt out ſtrips, (louers
See with what cunning ſhe doth moue her hips:
And in the pride of ſteps how the cold wind,
Swels her looſe vailes before her and behind.
This like the bluſhing wife of *Vember* paceth,
Her full viewed legs at euery ſtride ſhe graceth.

Long

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
Others a moderate pace doth best become:
As far as where the armes and shoulders parts,
Appeare thou bare to wound the amourous harts,
Of wanton youthes, this fashion vnderstand;
Longs to the faire, not such whose skins be tand.
Such sights ere now haue made me I protest,
To kisse her necke, her shoulders and her breast,
The *Sirens* are Sea-monsters, whose sweet notes
Draws to their tunes the wandring ships and botes:
And if their eares with wax they do not stop,
They are charm'd to leape vp from the hatches top
Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,
A praisefull gift then woman learn to sing,
Hard fauord girles by songs haue wonne such graces.
Their sweet shrill tongs haue prou'd bands to their faces.
Somtimes rehearse a speech brought from the play
Or else peruse some poeme in thy way.
Of Musicke I would haue thee know the skill,
With thy right hand to vse a *Rebecks* quill.
Or with thy left a harpe when *Orpheus* plaid,
The beasts, & trees, and stones to dance he made:
And in his way to hell no fiend durst stirre,
Nor tartar power, nor tripple headed Curre.
Thou that so iustly do thy mother punish,
Didst by thy Musicke skill the world astonish:
In those sweet walkes that were by Musicke rear'd,
By euery such sweet harmony is heard:
The armed *Dolphin* is by nature mute,
Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.
Learne Musicke then and hope to play vpon.
The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Reade

Reade Poetrie the workes of *Cous* feeke,
Or great *Callimacchus* that writ in Greeke:
The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
Read what lasciuious *Sapho* elſe both writ.
For what more wanton workes then *Sapho* liues,
See what delight to the *Propertius* giues:
Or if thy further leaſure ſerue thee looke,
In *Gallus* workes, or in *Tibullus* booke.
Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece,
The Legend writ, and of the golden fleece:
Or read *Æneas* baniſhment from *Troy*,
Th'originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enioy:
No bookes more famous, happily to my grace,
Some one may ſay thou *Ouid* haſt a place.
Amongſt the reſt thou and thy lines may ſound,
To aftertimes, not be in *Setbe* drown'd.
Some one may ſay perchance our Maſter read,
The booke he laſt drew with a double head
Or thoſe three bookes which he *Amorum* calls,
Enctituling them of loue which of them *falls*,
Into thy handling firſt that do thou chooſe,
And louingly my louing lines peruſe,
Or with a compoſd voice my *Cantons* ſing:
The vſe of theſe Loues miſtris firſt did bring
To other yet vnknowne oh *Phœbus* graunt,
Graunt this you gods whom ſacred Poets haunt.
With their oblations, grant theſe powers deuine,
Thou god of grapes, and you oh Muſes nine:
Who doubts but I would haue you learne to dance
Meaſure and Galliards ſhall your name aduance,
Command your armes and hands that they agree,
Vnto the motion of the foote and knee,
In mouing of the body hand and ſide,
The commicke Actor cannot take more pride.

Not

Nor vſe more art the comlineſſe of either,
Concurres, and I compare them both together
Learne triuall ſports, but oh your Poet ſhames,
To game. To bid you be experiene'd in ſome games.
Yet long they to my art then be not nice,
To learne to play at cockall or at dice:
How to caſt lots and chances which to gueſſe,
To play at draughts at tables or at cheſſe
To vſe a racket or to toſſe a ball,
At ſet game, or at that we bandy call:
To paſſe the night at balliards till eleauen,
At pickapandie, cards, or odd or euen.
Play prepares loue, your skill is not ſo needfull,
As ought to be your lookes and carriage heedfull;
Your greateſt cunning is with art to frame,
The geſture and the countenance in your game:
Game makes vs earneſt if we play with care,
Then with our open thoughts our breaſts lie bare.
And ſtraite we brawle and ſcold a grieuous ſtaine,
Oh theſe be monſtrous faults to chide and raile,
Or to blaſpheme the Gods when our lucke faile:
To vow to ſweare, with proteſtations deepe
And in the heate of play to fret or weepe.
Great *Ioue* himſelfe from you ſuch crimes expell.
Who couet ſuitors and to pleaſe them well.
Natures theſe triuall ſports to woman lends
A freer ſcope of paſtimes ſhe extends.
By much vnto vs men, for ſo we may
Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the football play:
Vault, ride, and teach the horſe to trot the ring,
Frequent the Fenceſchoole, practiſe armes, leape,
Nor can you march or muſter on the ſea, (ſpring,
Or like the Merchant venturer go to ſea:

Walke may you ſometimes vnder *Pompeus* ſhade,
To *Phœbus* pallace to the place was made:
For nouall triumph to the *Memphian* fawne
To the goatfield where chariots are ſtill drawne.
To the warme bleeding alter, ſome preferre,
Before all theſe the three braue *Theaters*:
Thus couet to be ſeen, vnſeen, vnproud,
What is not viewed and knowne, cannot be lou'd,
What profit were it to haue beautious beene
Ithy admired face were neuer ſeen:
Say you more ſtilde in ſhapes then *Orpheus* were,
Or *Thamiras*, ſuch if men cannot heare.
How ſhould your muſicke pleaſe? *Apelles* painted,
Venus in *Cois* elſe her fame had fainted,
And died in *Lethe*, he redeem'd her name,
What hunt the ſacred Poets for but fame.
Onely for fame their labouring ſpirits they ſend,
Of all the vowes, fame is the ſcope and end.
But ſee what alterations rude times brings,
Poets of old were the right hand of Kings.
Large were their gifts, ſupreame was their regard,
Their meeted fames with fear and reuerence heard
Honour and ſtate: and ſacred maieſty,
Belong'd to ſuch as ſtudied poetry:
Ennius by *Scipio* that great man was ſought,
And from the mountaines of *Calabria* brought.
Vnhonoured now the Iuy garland lyes:
The ancient worſhip done to Poets dyes:
Yet we ſhould ſtriue our owne fames to awake.
Homer a liuing laſting worke did make:
His *Iliadis* call'd, elſe who had *Troie* knowne,
Had *Danae* in her tower an old wife growne,
And neuer vnto publicke view reſorted,
Now had her beauty being ſo farre reported:

The dignitie of Poets.

You that applauſe would for your beauties win
Be oft abroad, and keepe not too much in:
At the full folds the ſhe Wolfe ſeekes her pray,
Though amongſt all ſhe ſteales but one away,
Ioues bird the Eagle when ſhe ſoares moſt high
To ſeaze on fowle doth at the Couy fly.
Frequent you faire ones, where men may you ſee
Mongſt many one beſt part will fancy thee:
In euery place where thou ſhalt hap to ſit, (ge
Looſe none by frownes whom thou by ſmiles mai
The bow of *Cupid* neuer ſtands vnbent,
And ſentimes things fall by accedent.
Be thou prepard, hang alwayes out thy hooke;
For in that ſtreame where thou no fiſh wouldſt look
A fiſh by chance may bite, oft haue I ſeene (beene
The wandring hound range where no game hath
And harts that ſcaps the chaſe whē no mā mids th
Fall in the toyles and there the keeper findes them
What hope hadſt thou *Andromeda* being bound,
Vnto a rocke a louer to haue found:
Being prepar'd for death beſet with feares,
Blubbed thy cheeks, thy eye quite drownd in teares
At buriall of one husband well I wot,
Another husband hath been oft times got,
Weeping for him thats loſt, may hap to grace thee,
And in the boſome of a ſecond place thee,
But in your choyſe eſpecially beware,
Of ſuch effiminate men as ſtarch their haire.
Prank vp themſelues who liſpe and cannot leaue
Loue complement and uſe to ſmell of Ciuit:
They haue a thouſand loues what they proteſt,
To thee they'll do as vnto all the reſt,
Vnſtaid ſuch be, and what will women ſay, (the
When in their thoughts men are more light then

Scar

Scarce will they credit me, and yet tis true,
Troy had yet ſtood, and *Ilium* beene in view,
Had euery thing beene ſwaid as *Priam* ſpake,
But good aduiſe they leaue, fond counſell take.
There are who vnder ſhew of loue to fame,
And by ſuch paſſage ſeeke diſhonett gaine:
Let no mans haire deceiue with powders ſweete,
Nor ſtudded girles which are ſhort and meete:
Nor theſe fine womens coates, a ſightly thing,
Nor that each finger beares a golden ring.
Perhaps who in this kinde moſt gallant goes,
Is a cloſe theefe, and loues nought but your clothes
Some Maids thus roab'd, ſo loud cry for their owne
That all the towne and country heares their mone
Venus whoſe golden thines at *Apian* ſtand,
And *Pallas* laugh a good theſe ſtrifes in hand:
There are ſome Maides to ſure but of bad fame,
Who oft deceiu'd are thought to vſe the ſame.
On learne by others plaints to heare your owne,
Ope not your ears to men whoſe frauds are known
Beleeue not *Theſeus Athens* though he ſweare,
The gods can heare no more then they heare.
And thou *Demophoon Theſeus* falſhood haire:
Philis deceiued nones truſt by ſpeeches faire;
If men makes promiſes then maides make you.
If men performe, performe your vowed ioyes too,
Now Ile come nearer, Muſe, take faſter hold.
Nor looſe thy ſeat the wheels though ſwiftly rold:
Men frame them, ſet maids vowes ſome elſe where
Let ſom maids take their courſe, for it were fit: (writ
Look on them, read them, ſo the words then gather
Whether he faines or lues intirely rather:
After ſome while write backe euer delayes:
Inflames a louer; ſo no tedious ſtayes.

Louers diſloyalty in many. Seuerall paſſages.

Shew not the plaint, to the youth denies.
Nor yet denie him what by ſuite he plies
Let him both feare and hope by euerie letter,
Be his feareleſſe, his hope comes ſure and better.
Be your phraſe pure, but common vſuall words,
In ſpeech the plaineſt ſtile beſt grace affords:
Full oft ambigious words loue ſo miſplace,
And a ſoule tongue hath hurt a beautious face:
But ſince although you yet not married be,
To go beyond vs men that care take ye.
By maides or ſome knowne lad your letters ſend.
And to no ſtrange young man tokens commend.
I haue ſeene ſome maides ſo terrifide with this,
That euer after they were ſlaues I wiſſe,
Faithleſſe he is who keepes ſuch tokens backe.
And burns like *Ætna* till he ope the packe
Truſt me, we may with fraud quite fraud againe,
From force to ſhield, from force the laws maintaine
One maide muſt vſe her ſelfe to many hands
Ill might he ſpeed whoſe ſhifts this rule commands
Deface the old ſeale when you do reply,
And to one writing but one hand apply.
Subſcribe your letters thus, thine in all loue,
Be his, as he was yours, this art approue,
If from ſmall things we may to greater go,
And in our ſhip ſpread our full ſaile to ſhow.
It longs to beauty to haue manners milde,
Sweet pace fits women, fierce rage ſauage wilde.
Rage ſwels the face, the vaines makes blacke with
The eies blaſe ghaſtly like fell *Go gons* brood(blood
Away quoth ſhe I prize not feature ſo,
Pallas ſhould view her face, where waters flow:
And ſhould you looke your anger in your glaſſe,
You wold ſcarce diſcerne your viſage whoſe it was.

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Nor

Nor do we leſſe blame proud and loftie lookes *Pride.*
Gentle and humble eies are *Cupids* hookes,
We men do hate this ouer-weening pride,
Shew in the ſilent face, truſt him hath tride.
View him views you, if men then women ſmile,
Signes made to you, make ſignes, 'twill men beguile
Thus whiles he playes before with headles dart,
Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.
We hate men ſaid *Aiax*, *Tremeſſa* take,
We merrie *Greeks* blith wenches ſweetharts make:
Andromache. *Tremeſſa* all your ſtate,
Could not moue me to chuſe you for my mate,
Take gifts of rich men who do law profeſſe.
Giue him no fee, be his client, need the leſſe:
We that make verſe, let us ſend onely verse
Our hearts are pliant, whoſe loue ſoon doth pierce
We ſpread abroad ſweet beautie laſting praiſe *Poets.*
We *Nemeſis*, we *Cimbeas* honour raiſe:
The Eaſt and Weſt land knew lou'd *Licoris*,
And many aske who our *Cormina* is.
Beſides we Poets from all frauds are free,
And forward manners by our Poetrie.
Nor honour vs, nor loue of money pleaſe,
We ſlight our games for priuacie and eaſe,
Soone are we caught, our loues burn fierce & bold
And where we loue we know to well to hold,
So 'tis we ſoften nature by meeke art.
And as our ſtudies, ſo our loues take part:
A fauour Maidens, a bleſt Poets will,
Heauens power we haue, the Muſes owne vs ſtill.
A God is in us we commerce with *Ioue*.
The ſpirit in vs boue your bright ſtars doth moue:
To looke for money from vs what a crime,
And yet no Maides do feare it in our time.

At firſt be not too eager, faine beware,
A nouice louer ſlights an open ſnare:
Nor do we rule a horſe new broke to backe.
With the ſame raines as he that's skild to racke:
To catch one Maid in yeares, and a briske ſwaine,
Muſt not one way, may not one courſe be taine:
Hee's rude, and in loues tents nere ſeene before,
Who as a new pray touch'd thy chamber doore.
Who knows no Maid but thee, non elſe wold know
This corne would be high fenced that it may grow:
If one, he is thy owne, no riualls frowne,
Two things admits no mate, Loue and a Crowne.
That ancient ſouldiers wife and ſoftly loue,
And much that younger ſcorns he meekly proues:
He'll breake no poſts, nor burne with furious fire,
Nor ſcratch his miſtris ſoft cheeks in his ire,
He'll teare no clothes, his Loues nor his owne,
Nor ſhall his torne haire giue him cauſe of mone:
Theſe things fits youthes, whoſe loue as age is hot,
This beares harſh wounds gently as they were not:
Old men burne ſoftly like a torch that's drie,
As woods from heath cut downe when firſt they lie
Old mens loue ſure, youth ſhort, but fruitfull made
Maides pluck thoſe fruites betimes, betimes which
May yeeld vp all, ope the gates to our foe. (fade,
That fauth from faithleſſe treaſure once may flow:
What's eaſie granted, long loue cannot feede,
(Deniall ſeeth) our ſports muſt oft proceede:
Let them walke at the gate cry cruell dore,
Do humbly much, but in their threats much more,
We loath theſe ſweets, bitter loue makes them new,
The winde oft drown'd the ſhip by which it flew;
Tis this makes men their wiues to ſlight ſo full,
They are ready preſt when ere their husbands will.

Let

Let the Maide run and cry we are vndone,
And hide the ſacred youth till feare be gone
Yet ſport him midſt theſe feares leſt he miſpriſe,
Your night's nor ſo much worth ſuch feares ſhould
I had like to paſſe by what art to deceiue. (riſe
Your husband and ſly keeper to bereaue.
Wiues feare your husbands, who muſt keepe you in
'Tis firme by law right modeſtie hath bin.
Her to be kept whom late reuenge hath wrought,
Who can endure to auoid theſe meanes be ſought:
As many keepe thee as had *Argos* eyes,
If thou wilt out thou ſhalt defeate with lyes
Youll ſay your keeper doth withſtand to write,
Take water for your ſelfe what time you might,
What can the keeper when the Cities fill,
Of plaies and Maides ſee horſes run that will.
When ſhe will, a maide complaines her head,
And faining ſicke, hides home ſhe will in bed:
When the falſe key tells plainelie what is done,
And to her chamber are more waies then one.
Beſides a keeper may be fox't with wine,
Preſt from the grapes of Spaine, and ſo made thine
And there be drugs, which can cauſe a ſound ſleep,
And ſhut the eies faſt drencht in *Lethe* deepe,
You know Maides to May quicklie finde ſome way
By long made ſports to hold him in delay.
But what need I for to go farre about,
When one ſmall gift may buie the keeper out,
Gifts truſt me do appeaſe both gods and men,
By gifts euen *Ioue* is pleaſed now and then.
What do the wiſe ſince fooles in gifts delight,
Giue, and the husband ſayes nought, ſay he might.
Haſt bought thy keeper once hes thine for euer.
The helpe he once affords heele faile thee neuer.

To deceiue the moſt watchfull keeper.

I blam'd companions now it comes to minde,
The hurt by it not men alone do finde.
Beleeue me, other Maides thy ioyes may taſte,
And others with thee hunt the Hare as faſt,
The wench that ſweepes the chãber makes the beſt
With ſports of loue hath more then once bin ſped
Let not your waiting Maides be ouer faire,
Their Miſtris place by them ſupplyed are.
Where run I Madman, naked againſt my foe,
And ope thoſe ports that may me ouerthrow?
The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,
The Harts teach not the dogs to run & ſhake them,
Looke too't that need my taſke Ile do indeed,
Though 'tis to lend a ſword to make me bleed:
'Tis eaſie to make vs think we are beloued,
Their faith which to deſire is quickly moued:
Smile louely on a youth, ſigh from your hart.
Aske why he comes ſo late, a pretty art. (loue,
Shed ſome few tears, faine grief for ſome cloſe
And teare your haire as doth your paſſions moue.
He is ouercome ſtraite, pitty he will take,
And ſay his care is onely for my ſake:
If he be ſpruce, and looke faire in the glaſſe
He'll thinke the gods loue him, let not this paſſe
Who ere thou art be not thy worth ſo ſtrong
Nor rage not ouer much. hath he done wrong?
Truſt not too ſoone what art is in this caſe,
Procris may be example haue you grace,
Neare to *Hymetus* hill a holy well,
And a moiſt ground thick graſt the ancients tell:
The wood, but vnderwood about this land,
The Crab tree, Roſemarie, Bay, Mirtle ſtand.
The thicke leau'd boxe, the Tamariske ſo ſmall,
Low ſhrubs, neat Pines, ther do theſe trees grow all

The hyſterie of Procris.

The deſcription of Hymetus.

The

The gentle Weſt wind and the healthfull aire,
Blow all thoſe leaues & grasblads which are there:
Cephalus loued reſt, his hounds and men forgone,
Weary in youth this ground oft ſat vpon
And thus he ſings, thou which doſt lay my heat,
Age, my breaſt come gentle aire and beat.
One ouer dutious told his fearfull wife,
Theſe words ſhe heard, and ſo began the ſtrife:
Procris who for a ſtrumpet tooke his care,
Fell downe much moued with a ſuddaine feare.
Looke how the vineleafe which you lateſt gather,
She lookt ſo pale, or far more paler rather:
And the ripe Quine-tree which doth bend his bows
Or dog-tree fruite, which none for meate allowes.
Come to her ſelfe, her garments quite ſhe tore,
From of her breaſt, and made her breaſt all gore,
And without ſtay in rage and haſt ſhe goes,
Her haire about her necke like *Bacchus* froes:
Being near theplace, her mate ſhe leaues behind,
Steals ſlily to the wood no feare in mind.
Tis thus thou thinkeſt now, who this aire ſhould be
And her diſhoneſt tricks thine eie ſhall ſee:
Her coming ſhames her now, ſhe would not take her
Yet now ſhe's glad ſhe's come, loue doubtfull makes
The name, the place, the ſigne all theſe agree,
And what the mind feares, that it thinks to be,
Seeing the graſſe ſo by ſome body preſt.
Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breaſt:
Now the Mid-day had made the ſhadowes ſhort,
The euening and the morne of equall port:
Young *Cephalus* returns vnto the wood
And cooles his face with water as he ſtood.
Procris ſtands cloſe, on the graſſe he laies him faire,
And cries aloud, blow weſt winde, come ſweet aire

So ſoone as ſhe had heard the eronious name,
Her mind and her true colour to her came,
She riſes ,with her body the leaues ſhake,
In mind to *Cephalus* her way to take:
He thought it ſome wilde beaſt, ſnatch vp his bow,
His arrow in his right hand wont to ſhow.
What doſt thou wretch, 'tis no beaſt, ſtay thy dart.
Alas, thy arrows pierce a womans heart:
She cryes out, thou haſt ſtroke thy louing breaſt,
Vpon this place thy wounds haue euer reſt.
I dye before my time, not wrong'd in loue,
This earth made me ſuſpect thee light to proue,
Aire take my breath, thee 'twas I did miſtruſt.
I dye, cloſe thou my eyes, lay me in the duſt.
She ended ſpeech and life,and falling down ,
Her husband takes her laſt breath from the ground.
He beares his dying loue in wofull armes,
And wailes with tears ſo ſtrange and deadly harms
But let vs backe, I ſee I muſt be plaine,
At the loſt hauen that our ſhip may againe,
You looke now to be brought vnto a feaſt.
And that we teach you here as in the reſt:
Come late, but comely brought in by night.
Thou ſhalt be welcome. ſo delay hath might.
Though thou be blacke thou ſhalt ſeeme fair to all
The night will hide thy faults both great and ſmall.
How maides muſt behaue themſelues at meate.
Eate neately with your fingers art commands,
Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
Eat not to long, leaue ere you would forbeare,
More then thou well canſt do, this counſell heare:
Were *Hellen* greedy *Paris* would her hate:
And ſay my rape is fooliſh out of date,
To drinke is comely:and more fit for you,
Bacchus doth well with *Venus*. this is true,

Drinke

Drinke, but yet not more then you well can beare
And what is one, let it not to appeare:
A ſhamefull thing to ſee a woman drunke,
Such a one is fit to be each baſe knaues punke.
Nor is it ſafe to ſleep the tables drawne,
Much ſhamfull things haue in your ſleep bin fawne
'Tis ſhame to teach you more, yet *Dion* ſayes,
Shame is the chiefeſt abiect of theſe layes
Each know your ſelues as you your bodies ſee,
So frame your lying in form that it may be. *Geſtures in lying.*
Whoſe face is beauteous ſhe muſt lye vpright,
Whoſe backe is beſt that ſtill muſt be in ſight:
Atlantues thighes vpon his ſhoulders wore,
Meuation be theſe beſt, ſhew thee the more.
Low Maides muſt ride, *Thebais* was ſomewhat long
Nere ſate on *Hectors* horſe her pride among,
Who hath a long ſide, which ſhe'd haue in eye,
Let her bend to her knees her necke awry:
Whoſe hidden parts haue not a fault or ſpot,
Lye euer ſidelong pray forget it not.
Nor thinke it a diſgrace your haire to looſe,
And then thy necke caſt backeward ſtill to chooſe
Thou that art ragged cloſe and couered lye.
And from mens ſight like the ſwift *Parthian* fly:
Loue hath a thouſand wayes moſt void of pride,
To lie halfe vpright on the higher ſide,
Apelles, *Timpos*, nor horrid *Ammon* ſay,
Nor things more true then what are in our lay:
If there be truth in art got by long vſe,
Beleeue and truſt, you'll finde it in our muſe.
Maides ſee you loue vs men, plucke from the root,
One thing may help you and ſteed to boot: (ſweet
Ceaſe not faire words, ceaſe not cloſe whiſpering
And wanton words muſt with your ſports of meet.

And

And thou who nature hath bard loues quicksence
Faine pleasant ioies though the things be from thence:
Vnhappy Maide to whom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman should be full.
Yet when you faine, beware, let none else know it,
For feare thy gesture or thy eies may shew it:
What helpes the speech and shewes the breath is ill
That part hath secrets, shame would hide it still,
Who seekes a man after enioyment straight,
Louing a gift would not her prayers had weight:
Ope not your windowes wide to take in light,
Much in your bodies rather fits the night,
Conclusion of the work Our sport is done, 'tis time the swaines depart,
Which on their necks as yoaks haue drawn our art
As *Men* before, say *Maides*, when ye preuaile,
Ouid our master was, his hart our saile.

FINIS.